

JOHN BULL



TWO PENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

SUGAR RATIONING

Many of those who buy our chocolates have not been able to get as much as they wanted for some weeks past; we regret this and would like to explain the reasons.

In the first place, there has been a great increase in public demand. The thousands who have joined the Services, A.R.P., and other war work, have required not only more food, but food in handy form and that 'feeds you on your feet'. Our efforts to meet our customers' heavier orders were only limited by the capacity of our factories until the end of 1939.

But now, since the beginning of the year, sugar, an essential ingredient

of Chocolate, has been controlled for industrial purposes. This has meant a more stringent limit on the amount we can manufacture.

If prices had been allowed to rise, consumption would automatically have been reduced. But we have always maintained the alternative that every effort should be made to keep prices from rising, and thus some form of rationing became inevitable.

We therefore worked out a very careful method of allocating our available supplies to our retail customers which gives a fair and equitable distribution to all parts of the country.

We are glad to say that we can now supply all orders for Bournville Cocoa and Bourn-vita in full.

Issued by

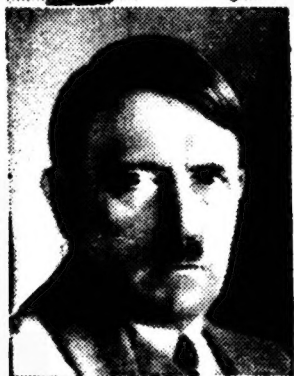
CADBURY'S
of Bournville

THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

WARTIME GERMANY



KARL STEPANEK TELLS ALL



"He is not a big man..."



"The most dangerous Nazi of all..."



"An evil man with a nasty mind..."



"Shunned by other Nazi leaders..."

NOW APPEARING exclusively in the "Daily Herald," is KARL STEPANEK'S amazing eye-witness exposure of life as it is in Germany to-day. Stepanek is the only citizen of Greater Germany to escape from Wartime Berlin. Not long ago Stepanek was attending Hitler's parties—acting in propaganda films for Goebbels—mixing with Ribbentrop, Goering and other Nazi leaders. NOW, free in England, he reveals the dramatic inside story of his meetings with the Nazi chiefs. He gives the first really authentic answers to the hundreds of questions that are puzzling the world.

What are the prospects of a revolution inside Germany? Why are the German people indulging in riotous night life? Do many Germans risk the death penalty by listening to the B.B.C.? Who was the glamorous film star over whom Goebbels and Hitler quarrelled so bitterly? What is the real effect in Germany of the Allied Blockade? Is it true that there is panic when British planes are over Berlin? STEPANEK KNOWS THE REAL TRUTH AND TELLS IT ALL!

Get the "Daily Herald" at once, and at the same time ask your newsagent to supply your copy to you every day. Owing to wartime publishing restrictions, you can only be sure of securing your copies by placing your order with your newsagent in advance.

NOW APPEARING - EXCLUSIVELY IN THE

DAILY HERALD

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER.
Sole Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Ochreane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

LADIES' SHOES.—Useful to small Shopkeepers. Mixed lots, 6/6 pair, easily retail 11/11 to 12/11. Sample three pairs carriage paid.—LIDDINGTON, 36, Wimbledon Street, Northampton.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. illus. Spring Catalogue. Post Free. Covers all Dept., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satisf. gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L & H), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

CROCKERY.—120 ass'd. articles 10/-, 48 cups, sets, 4/- Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion, and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. 1 B, The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.1.

TO get best results use **SONOSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES.** Finest quality. Excellent reproduction. Minimum wear on Records. 300 8d. Bronze Pick-ups for Radios, 8d. 100.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from **WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.**

WOOLS.—New deliveries now available. specially Service Wools. Write for samples and special summer prices offers Rug and Knit and rug guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 7), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AGENTS.—33 1/2 Comm. No outlay. Miniatures in Jewellery. Big demand. For samples, etc., write, Melton, 28, Stanmore Rd., London, N.15.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 350 patterns, post free.—**OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 6, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.**

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW ON PAGE 4.

You will be sure to find the bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the John Bull guarantee on page 33 you can order with confidence. **GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD** offer a splendid range of Men's Suits at small monthly payments. Radio is free from crackling and unwanted stations if you use a **D.X. Aerial Eliminator**, offered by **R. WIGFIELD & CO.** A special Garden Scythe and Lawn Mower Sharpener, both low priced, are available. Readers can obtain either by writing to **WM. PENN, LTD.** These and many other interesting announcements appear in

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

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YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous commission and postage paid. See our advertisement on page 5 and be sure to write to-night to **BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.**

EMPLOYMENT.

AIRCRAFT DETAIL FITTERS

CAPABLE OF TOOL MAKING. ALSO EXPERIENCED TOOL-MAKERS. WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN WITH AMBITION. TOP RATE. PREMIUM BONUS AND OTHER ADVANTAGES.

BOX 204, JOHN BULL, 57-59, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WAR WORK.—Examiners, Viewers, Gaugers, Inspectors, etc. Both sexes wishing to take up this work should write for Free Booklet to **RIET, (Dept. 862), 17, Stratford Place, W.1.**

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what trade you want. Write, P.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

DRAFTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from **NAT. INST. of ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.**

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police, study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars of advice about other careers, commercial, Civil or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches. **B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 386, Oxford Street, W.1.**

CIVIL Service.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 18-34. Our tuition fees from £4 to £8. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved Occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply, **CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 810), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.**

ENGINEERS. now is your chance to do your share in a key position; make your future secure by getting Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E.18, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.



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REPORTERS and Journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS read, urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to **B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711) 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.**

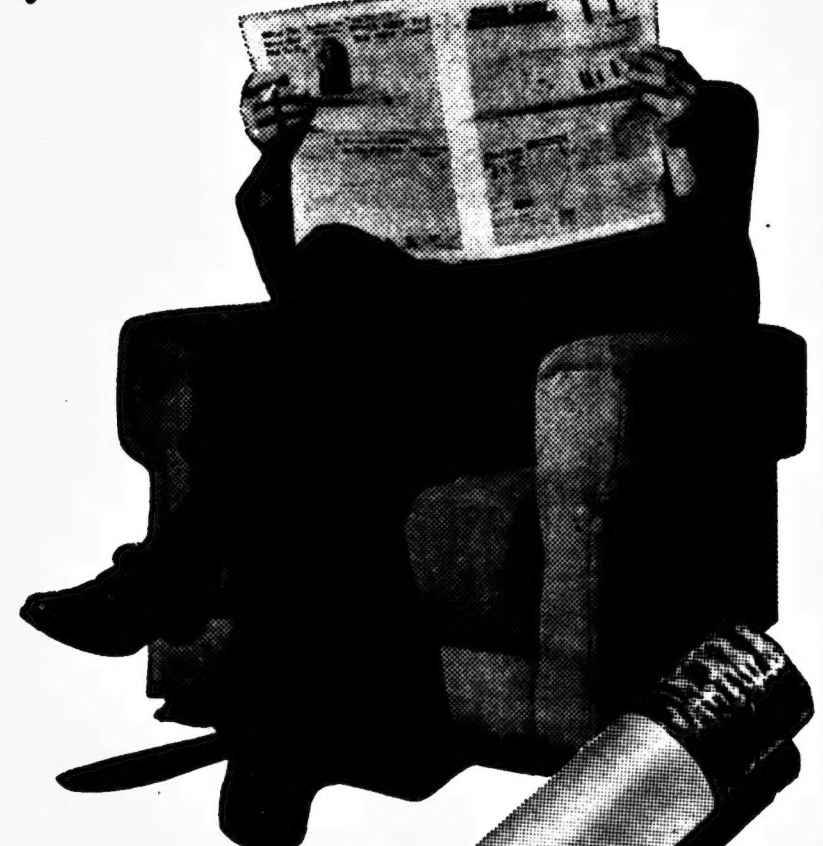
POLICE RECRUITS Wanted for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. Write for Free Handbook to **B.T.I. (Dept. 652), Oxford Street, W.1.**

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

PERSONAL.
MEN, WOMEN Fast 40! **FEEL YOUNG** as ever. New Oxystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force or makes refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's, and Taylor's.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

You've earned your leisure...



PARK DRIVE
10 FOR 5
for pleasure!
PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. and H.M. NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

TELEPHONE, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY: there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon on page 39 for special book entitled "The Science to Success," giving full details of the Feiman method. Many of the greatest leaders in varying spheres testify to the value of Feimanism. The Feiman course is a tonic from the start and gives lasting power and infuses courage and confidence, which are essential attributes to human efficiency. As a special offer to all serving members of H.M. Forces, the Feiman course is offered to them at one-half the usual fee. Application should be made for special enrolment form (Services). Readers should get a copy of the book. Write for it to-day.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliances. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial, Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co. Ltd. (840D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE.—If you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning John Bull, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Cereous Supply or 1/4d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co. 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

THE antiseptic lather of Wright's Coal Tar Soap is a boon to all men and women in the Services. Now as in 1914 Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Troops. See page 28.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.S. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4).

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222P), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, have a poor appetite, learn how you can gain new vigour by sending for a wonderful free booklet entitled "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Write at once to the Iron Jellid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.97), Watford, Herts, or fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 33.

FREE! Sufferers from nerves, shortness of breath, pains around the heart, can get a free supply of Oxien Brand Tablets if they write, mentioning John Bull, to the Giant Oxie Co., Ltd. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.4. This offer is made in the announcement on page 33.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Palfant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no undergirding and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that patients can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens Dept 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicenes, valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism will be sent to readers who write, mentioning John Bull (Dept. J.B.4), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicene treatment.

FREE to John Bull readers—a free sample of Brooklix, the wonderful chocolate laxative. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children. Banishes constipation and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are the makers of the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite John Bull readers to accept this free trial offer. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., 4/12, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

FREE sample of 3 famous Toilet Preparations. Hurry, accept this unique offer of a free trial bottle of "Marlene" Hair Grower and Tonic, a free Cream Shampoo, and a free bottle of Uxan Brillantine.—Write, mentioning John Bull, enclosing 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Edwards & Marlene, Ltd. (H.927), 20/26, Lamb Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Stamp your envelope with 1/4d. stamp.

BUSINESS SERVICES.

PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/9; Memos, Cards, near pre-war prices. Samples free.—**CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 50% profit on 5/3 board at 2d per punch. Samp. 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—**BURDON HUNTER 26, Woodville Road, London E.11**

A RECIPE for a delicious fruit cake is given in the Borwick's Baking Powder announcement on page 28. Cut out for reference.

FREE! A complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. A book that solves your rationing problems. Send for a copy at once—it's free for the asking. Entitled "The Stork War-Time Cookery Book," it answers all the questions housewives want explained. Simply write, mentioning John Bull, to The Stork Co. (Dept. W.507), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future.—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme wringer—it takes all the toll out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning John Bull, for free illustrated booklet D5—it is post free to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

EVERY reader of John Bull should get a copy of an interesting illustrated booklet, "Travel in War-time" by H. V. Morton. With each copy will be sent the B.S.A. Catalogue explaining all about the new "streamlight" bicycle, which can be obtained for 10/- deposit and from 2/11 per week. The new B.S.A. "Streamlight" is designed to make life easier during these days of restricted transport. The model has 6 features unobtainable in any other cycle. Write, mentioning John Bull, to B.S.A. Cycles, 65, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

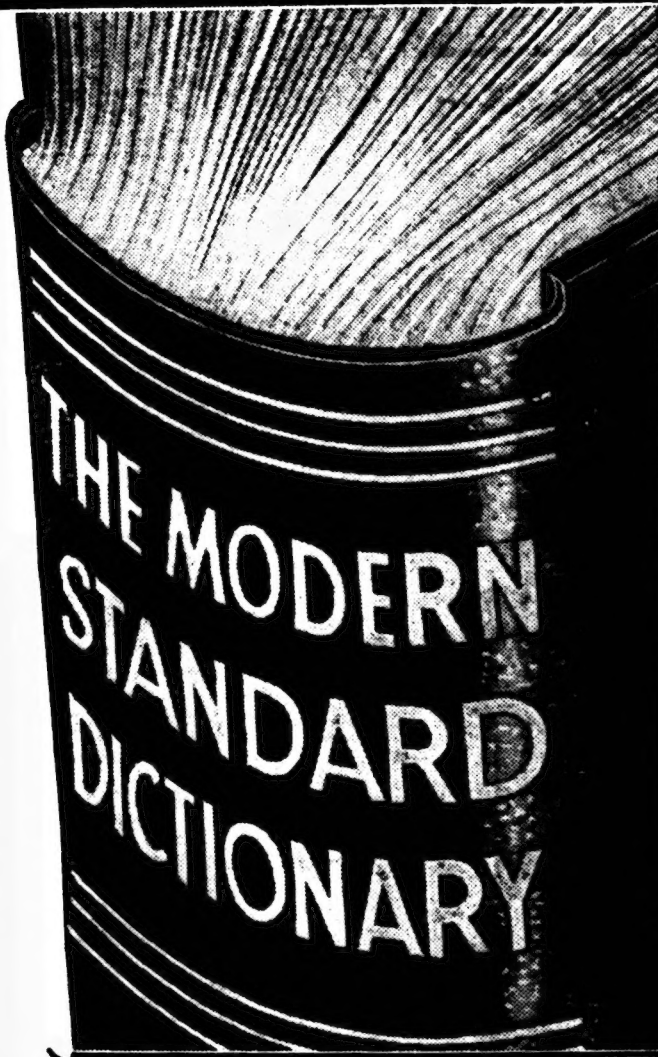
FREE generous sample of a new breakfast food. If you would like to try Westabix, the cereal of a hundred uses made from sun-ripened whole wheat, write, mentioning John Bull, to Westabix, Ltd., J.B.3, Westabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants. You can save on your butter ration by eating Westabix with marmalade, jam, honey, paste, cheese, etc. Housewives should remember that there is no waste with Westabix, no cooking, no preparation. Westabix is double-toasted to make it tasty. Send for your sample now and be sure to enclose a 1/4d. stamp for postage.

RED Tiles that are frequently washed are apt to lose their original finish and fade to a pinkish tinge, which robs them of a great deal of their charm. When this happens the full richness of the original colour can be instantly restored by the use of Cardinal Polish. It is equally good for red composition floors, and is to be highly recommended for front steps and brick or concrete paths, etc., because it gives a lovely colourful finish which will not wash off in the rain. It is also obtainable in White, Cream, Green, Buff, Blue, Brown and Transparent. In 6d. and 1/- tins.

IN these days of rationing British Housewives are tucking up their sleeves and getting down to the job that lies in front of them. Take sugar rationing. That needn't be a hardship now, because huge quantities of Sultanas are available. They are cheap, too—less than pre-war. Sultanas are going to be the biggest help in spinning out your sugar ration. They are very rich in natural sugar, so that you can use them to sweeten and flavour your puddings, pies and cakes, and in all sorts of mix puddings and rely-poly puddings, baked apples, baked fruit. Sultanas can take the place of sugar. There will be no turned-up noses at a baked rice pudding if Sultanas are the sweetening agent! Buy some to-day.

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Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME
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DATE
The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Wednesday, April 17.
Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 13/4/40

IMPORTANT.
You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

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Standard Roses as above 17/6 doz., 6 for 9/-.

FREE GIFT With every order we will present 3 Flowering Shrubs

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IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES
NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but, if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved, and your face will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the World are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.



SHAVEX is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
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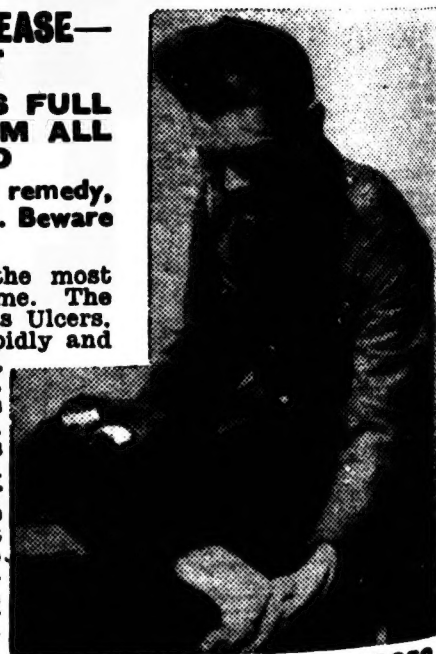
(BRAND)
THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—
MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL
OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL
OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.



FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march. At any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for stiff joints. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Bavaria Rd., London, N.19.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, April 13, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468



"Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught
shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but
true"

It's War in Earnest Now

SUDDEN flare-up of the war finds Britain in an immensely strong strategic position.

Hitler's desperate attack on Scandinavia, following the British naval action in Norwegian waters, exclusively predicted by "John Bull" weeks ago, may well shorten the war by a year or two.

Despite his temporary successes, the speed of his operations must hasten his own downfall.

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Lines of communications, always the greatest test of an army's strength, will now become fantastically long.

They will be open to heavy Allied attack both by sea and air.

Still more of his military strength will be wasted on armies of occupation.

Fleet's Chance

For weeks the Nazi High Command has been planning this invasion.

Goebbels has reason for warning the German workers that they must continue at their jobs even when bombs are falling.

Expect more scuttling. All Nazi ships laid up in American ports have been ordered to dash for home, and to hug the coasts except for the actual dash across the Atlantic—where British warships are waiting.

Above all, the new situation gives a long, eagerly awaited opportunity for Mr. Churchill to put the Fleet into action.

Don't be Dismayed

Well, it's Good-bye to a war of attrition. All of us had feared that war of exhaustion—knowing that, even though it would bleed Germany white, it would leave us over-taxed and weak.

Don't be dismayed by early Nazi successes.

Not so "Phoney"

The German army begins to fall when it has to depart from its schedule.

It can't extemporise.

And the Allies are in a position to spoil its plans.

Now, who said it was a "phoney" war?

New Cabinet Moves

More Cabinet changes are coming.

The Prime Minister's long face lengthened when he read newspaper comments on last week's reshuffle.

Then he was told, early this week, that rank-and-file Government supporters thought the moves good but not good enough.

So, then, he has hinted to them, "through the usual quarters," that a further and really drastic reorganisation is being planned.

YOUR FOOD!

SIR JOHN ORR, Britain's foremost expert on food, has said:—

With sufficient milk, vegetables and potatoes, there need be no malnutrition. With sufficient bread, fat (butter or margarine), potatoes and oatmeal, there will be no starvation.

The amount that can be grown in this country, even in your window-boxes, would astonish even the agricultural experts."

If we have plenty of milk and plenty of vitaminised margarine, butter does not matter much.



After the war, we have got to get a prosperous agriculture, a well-fed people and, as quickly as we can, a well-housed people. It will be a new age which will need adventurous thinking.

"JOHN BULL" EMPHASISES THESE OPINIONS IN ITS "TWELVE-POINT-S-FOR-VICTORY" FOOD CAMPAIGN ON PAGE 11.

Needs Labour Men

Supreme effort will be made to persuade Labour leaders to enter the Government.

Mr. Chamberlain is prepared to risk Diehards' displeasure by offering Labour four or even five important jobs, including two in the War Cabinet.

He makes no bones about admitting that he needs such men as Attlee, Bevin, Greenwood, Morrison and Alexander.

No. 1 Liberal, Too

If they were prepared to be the backbone of his new administration, he could also enlist prim, quiet but highly efficient Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader.

Sir Archibald won't sign up without them.

He's Plenty Big

Churchill will remain Super War Chief, but Mr. Alexander would return to the Admiralty if Labour joined.

Failing that, Churchill will continue to pull all the Naval strings as well as overlooking the other Services.

Too much for one man, critics say, but Churchill is big enough to do it without cracking.

Those Bugbears

Will Labour agree? Some leaders are in favour, but the Party Conference will probably say "No."

Such bugbears as the Means Test, Trade Disputes Act and inadequate pensions are likely to defeat even those who realise that Labour drive and energy are urgently wanted in the control of Britain's war policy.

U.S. Praise—But . .

Naturally, the Prime Minister is pleased by praise from France and the United States for promoting Mr. Churchill and swapping Sir Kingsley Wood for Sir Samuel Hoare.

Yet even American newspapers are confident that

Big Berlin fire was at Bergmann small arms factory, where tracer bullets are made. Hence the big flare that terrified the whole city; hence the secrecy.

a further shuffle must take place shortly to drop some of the second-raters.

Second Rater's Club

These comments are helping Mr. Chamberlain in battling with the Conservative Party's H.D.G., so fond of second-raters.

No secret that other Ministers would have been dropped had they not been "sound Party men."

Half-Forgotten Mr Elliot

Storm is already blowing up against half-forgotten Mr. Elliot.

M.P.s are starting a campaign against his stoppage of house building. Only 3,000 new homes have been approved since war began—most of them for munition workers.

Coventry expects 40,000 more workers and has billets for only 15,000.

Builders Still Idle

Glasgow wants 65,000 new houses, Edinburgh an extra 16,000. Despite fall in unemployment figures, thousands of builders are idle.

Suggestion is that they should be put to work on timberless houses.

Traffic Chaos Fear

Capt. Euan Wallace is also feeling the cool breeze of criticism blowing through Parliamentary lobbies.

Stoppage of road schemes is alarming the authorities.

Transport chiefs point out that unless road sur-

Behind the quarrels of Nazi leaders are impending divorce suits in which Goebbels, Ley and von Schirach are cited as co-respondents by other bosses. "Perfect Nazi woman" Scholtz-Klink is one who will figure in the Goebbels case.

faces are maintained in good condition traffic will be in chaos after the war—or even sooner.

His Stock is High

Sir John Simon's stock stands high.

The "surplus" he will vaunt when introducing his Budget really points to faulty budgetting last year, but as it proves the immense financial strength of Britain Sir John will reap a good deal of credit.

Despite criticism of some parts of his policy, the House respects his determination to make this a pay-as-we-go war.

(Continued overleaf.)

Continued from preceding page

Stopping the leaks in the blockade is still the great preoccupation of Government and private M.P.s.

"Reasonable" speeches by Chamberlain and Churchill have been so well greeted abroad that little opposition is expected to new contraband measures.

A minor yet important British diplomatic victory.

Economic Policeman

First step will be to cut down imports into neutral countries surrounding Germany.

Mr. Cross, our economic policeman, denies that much is getting through to the Nazis. But trade figures are significant.

In the first three months of war alone

New "surprise" gun on merchant ships has given Nazi bombers a bad fright, and is to be fitted to all ships not in convoy. Every likelihood that the lone bomber will go the way of the U-boat and the magnetic mine.

The United States sent an extra 157,000,000 pounds of raw cotton to Germany's neighbours!

Spain took more than 52,500,000 pounds, against fewer than 280,000 in 1938.

Cheerful Figures

If you want staggering, cheerful figures, think of the national income.

It is now more than £6,000,000,000 a year, and wages are rising still, having increased by £100,000,000 since the war began, with ten million wage earners benefiting.

Wages in most industries are going down in Germany.

Railways Make Hay

So railway companies, thinking we can pay more, are making that application for dearer fares predicted by JOHN BULL months ago.

They hope to get an extra 2s. in the £. Season tickets and freight charges will be affected as well as ordinary tickets.

One result will be dearer coal.

Sir John's Headache

An old headache returns to Civil Defence chief Sir John Anderson, now being urged not to allow young firemen and air raid wardens to be claimed for military service.

Some say that young men hastened to join these services to dodge the Army.

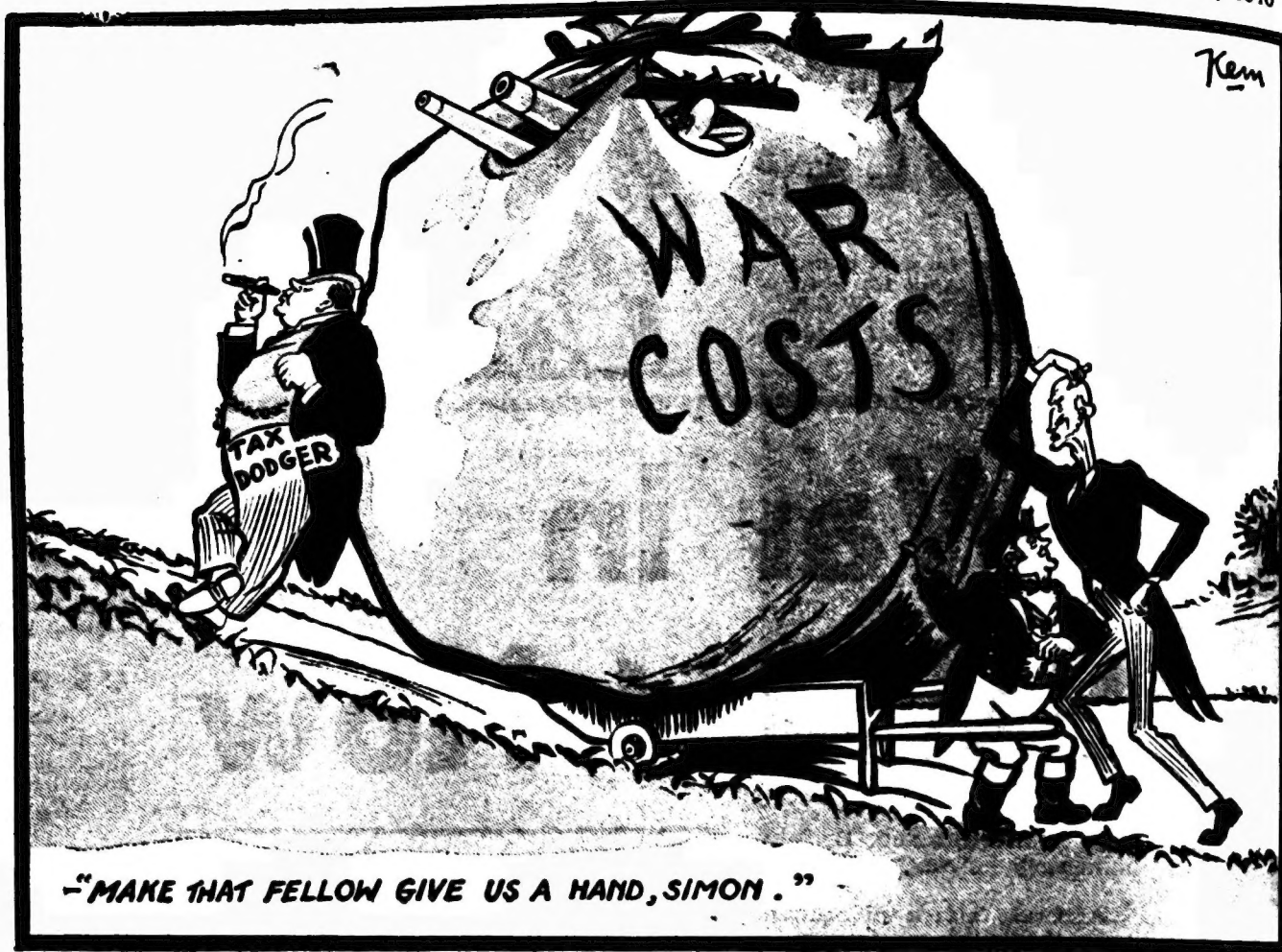
Ample supplies of sugar in Germany, yet rations have been cut down to virtually nothing. Reason is that sugar is being converted into nitro-glycerine through lack of munition materials.

Others rightly point out that thousands volunteered long before the war, and that it is folly to rob Civil Defence of highly trained and enthusiastic workers.

Bother!

The question is becoming acute because in some towns nearly half the total number of A.F.S. and A.R.P. men are aged twenty-five to thirty.

Local authorities doubt



Blockade Leak Evidence

National Income Optimism

Army Bid for A.R.P. Workers

"Antis" are Busy in Poland

whether sufficient older men will volunteer to replace them.

Camps Half Empty

Children's camps are still half-empty through the apathy of local councils.

Why not open them to the whole

Goering himself has signed new decree forbidding manufacture of clothes and boots for Poles. S.S. men are allowed to ransack private houses on pretext of searching for hidden arms.

country, whatever the attitude of local education authorities?

Parents could pay their 6s. weekly, other costs being recovered from local rates and the Board of Education.

Strange Arguments

Mr. Cecil Wilson, M.P., is asking the Home Secretary to authorise heavier fines for drunkenness.

He will point out that living costs have increased by 100 per cent. since the present scales of fines was adopted in 1872.

Strange argument.

Stranger still if he doesn't admit that drunkenness has fallen enormously since that year.

But that's the sort of fact most teetotal advocates never admit.

Shout About It

Pleasant speeches about Anglo-French co-operation might be made more effective by the addition of a few facts.

In each of the next two months Britain's bootmakers will turn out a million pairs for the French Army; the French will respond by delivering thousands of tons of food to British Army depots in France.

Isn't that worth talking about?

Glaring Extravagance

Northern Ireland's Parliament has been debating a JOHN BULL exposure—the fact that Cookstown training school for the Land Army has only eight girls as its pupils, but six servants and a staff of teachers to look after them.

Lady Denman, the Land Army chief, corrects us on one point. As head of the organisation for England and Wales, she is not responsible for this glaring example of extravagance.

It would be quickly ended, we fancy, were Northern Ireland under her command.

Murder Market

There's still no sign of an entente cordiale between Hitler and Stalin. Moscow's pressure has resulted in more freedom for German communists.

Watch trade marks. One German-owned match factory in Bulgaria has named its place "Sweden" to deceive British buyers.

Goering protests that this may prove dangerous for Nazidom.

Anti-Communist and anti-Nazis are becoming active in Poland, worrying both Gestapo and OGPU.

In the last three months many officers of these secret services have been murdered.

Awkward Knot

Himmler, head of the Gestapo, is trying to untie an awkward knot.

Finding that his men in Czechoslovakia had confiscated jewellery worth hundreds of thousands of pounds from the Jews, and pocketed the proceeds

Men between forty and fifty were called up in Germany last week, not to give colour to Goering's threat of an offensive, but to give a rest to discontented second-line troops.

Instead of surrendering them to the State, he ordered the offenders' arrest.

One of the ringleaders has proved to be his own nephew.

Calling the Tune

One important Nazi newspaper is puzzled by the increasing demand for large radio sets, despite the ban on listening to foreign stations.

The editor naïvely suggests that people may hope to get their music better on more expensive sets.

Perhaps. Perhaps not.

And perhaps the B.B.C. can enlighten that editor.

"NO AIR DEFENCE ORGANISATION CAN EVER
BE AN IMPENETRABLE BARRIER."

—Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

SEE PAGE 37

MR. CAN'T AND MR. ABLE ★

**WITHOUT
FEAR OR
FAVOUR**
by the
EDITOR

BUDGET DAY draws near. If every man, woman and child in the country was able to pay a pound a week each to the revenue Sir John Simon would still need hundreds of millions of pounds to finance the war.

Figures that run into thousands of millions are difficult to understand without some comparison of this kind.

The Chancellor is expected to budget for a total expenditure of about £2,800,000,000 and to raise £1,300,000,000 by direct and indirect taxation.

In the coming financial year, we shall have to pay three hundred millions more than we have paid during the year now ending.

An extra million for each working day. There can be no escape from this gigantic bill.

We seek none. We have consistently supported the policy of "paying as we go" to the limit of our resources.

Yet we demand that the broadest backs be made to carry the heaviest loads.

JOHN BULL believes (and the Government certainly professes to believe) in the principle of "equality of sacrifice."

There is now no such thing. A GRAND PHRASE HAS BEEN USED TOO GLIBLY, AND EVERYBODY WITH A GRAIN OF COMMON-SENSE KNOWS THAT, IN THIS WAR, AS IN THE LAST, THERE ARE SOME WHO ARE BETTER OFF THAN THEY WERE IN PEACE TIME, MANY WHO ARE WORSE OFF.

Too Much Sacrifice

JOHN BULL doesn't pretend that absolute equality is possible, but we take the view that Sir John's Budget should be judged strictly in accordance with its attempt to secure a practicable equality.

And "John Bull" is frankly uneasy about certain tendencies to "broaden the basis of taxation" at the expense of the "working" and "middle" classes, for the greater comfort of the relatively rich.

Only the other day there was a question in Parliament about Lord Stamp's alleged interview with journalists at the Ministry of Information.

We don't much care whether he did say what he was reported to have said or whether he didn't.

We are not greatly concerned about the individual views of this financial expert, with his many directorships and his part-time Government service.

BUT WE ARE GREATLY CONCERNED LEST THE GOVERNMENT OF THIS DEMOCRACY SHOULD SEEM FOR A SINGLE INSTANT TO SUPPORT THE POLICY OF TAXING THE SMALL AND MIDDLE INCOMES MORE HEAVILY, IN PROPORTION, THAN THE BIGGER.

When the disputed interview with Lord

Stamp was first given large publicity, it was said that "in the view of economists no extra burden can be placed upon the Old Age Pensioners, the Unemployed and the people with incomes so small that they escape direct Income Tax altogether."

We should hope not!

Taking the rise in the cost of living into fair account, pensioners and workless are already meeting more than their fair share of the national sacrifice.

Because tens of thousands of old persons could not live on their pensions; because many of them were drawing Public Assistance, and because the House of Commons insisted on some reform, it was recently decided that pensions should be increased to an undefined maximum of bare necessity subject to a qualified means test.

At the best, this was a niggardly concession. At worst, it was a cowardly evasion of the country's just debts.

Plight of Pensioners

JOHN BULL has championed the cause of the Old Age Pensioners and the Unemployed so consistently that there is no need now for us to go into details.

THE UTMOST NEEDS OF WAR CAN NEVER JUSTIFY THIS COUNTRY IN REDUCING THE STANDARD OF LIVING AMONG THE VERY POOR, WHOSE STANDARD IN PEACE TIME WAS ALREADY BELOW THE LEVEL AT WHICH LIFE CAN BE DECENTLY AND HAPPILY SUPPORTED.

War or no war, our "submerged tenth" needs more—and not less—general support.

If we cheat these impoverished millions of their bare dues, victory will be no more than a hollow gain for the cause of freedom and of justice.

Sir John Simon declares that he has let no cat out of the bag, and Lord Stamp maintains that he has never professed to forecast Budget secrets.

It is just as well.

Premature disclosure of the Chancellor's plans would have been scandalous, and we remember a notable Minister whose public career was broken for ever by the mere hint of such an indiscretion.

With or without Government approval, it was freely rumoured that the burden of new taxation would have to be borne chiefly by people in the Income Tax groups rising from five to twelve pounds a week.

The rich and very rich, it was argued, are being squeezed to the limit now. People with incomes of thirty thousand pounds a year, or more, have to pay seventeen shillings in the pound in tax and surtax.

Not Scared of Profits

Thirty thousand "three bobs"—forgetting all "allowances and expenses"—are worth £4,500 a year, and JOHN BULL cannot see why this "poor rich man's" minimum should be held sacred when the £500-a-year man's maximum may be subjected to increased taxation.

There is the danger of so "soaking the rich" that the net yield will fall instead of rise.

SIR JOHN WILL HAVE TO GUARD AGAINST THAT IN DIRECT AND INDIRECT TAXATION. HE KNOWS THAT IF HE WERE TO

TREBLE THE DUTY ON SPIRITS SO MANY PEOPLE WOULD EITHER TAKE TO BEER OR "GO ON THE WAGON" THAT HE WOULD "LOSE MONEY" BY THE INCREASE.

He won't run much risk of scaring men away from making huge incomes until his rate of tax and surtax goes to a far higher level.

Most men would rather have a substantial net income even after paying nineteen shillings in the pound—let alone seventeen shillings—than a much smaller income after paying no more than seven and six!

We must all expect a lower standard of living while this war lasts.

JOHN BULL doesn't object in the least to the general principle of "broadening the basis of taxation."

Hundreds of thousands of workers are now making far more money than they did in peace.

Profiteering was not confined solely to the rich in the last war.

There were working men then who were "rolling in money." Lots of them "threw it away," and we should like to see the State demand its just share of all increased wages as well as increased profits.

The Chancellor's first duty in framing the present Budget is to blockade the tax dodger, and he should make sure that he is getting full value from existing taxes.

JOHN BULL demands a tax on all "gifts" made by rich and elderly men solely to avoid payment of death duties a few years hence.

Every taxpayer is now entitled to evade taxation by every strictly "legal means."

All Share The Burden

Lawyers have suggested that Parliament should make it unlawful for the legal profession to advise clients how to avoid the spirit of the Finance Act, and we support this suggestion.

Sir John Simon should stop every gap in the Revenue net.

JOHN BULL wants him to investigate the affairs of every so-called "company" formed by rich men solely to escape the just burden of their personal contributions to the State.

The surtax-paying classes include a large proportion of surtax evaders. It is estimated that at least 20 per cent. of those morally liable to pay surtax contrive to evade payment.

JOHN BULL believes that all war profits should be limited at source rather than taxed after they have been made.

The Government ought now to limit maximum profits in every war-time industry. The State can borrow at 3 per cent.

Industrial profits must be allowed a rather more elastic margin than that, but, whatever margin is allowed, should be cut to the bone.

If it is not, JOHN BULL certainly foresees a repetition of all the profiteering scandals that disgusted us in the last war.

"Lend to defend" is the modern slogan.

The time may come when, to finance this war, all of us with any money to spare will be forced to lend.

THIS COUNTRY IS FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN FREEDOM AND IN PEACE, AND IS READY TO PAY FOR THE "GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE OF INDEPENDENCE."

YET THE POOR HAVE LITTLE TO LOSE AND THE RICH MUCH.

Let that be remembered, and the burden of the war apportioned in accordance therewith.

★ Powerful Allied armies could be rushed to the Balkans if Turkey opened the Black Sea to our warships ★

RUMANIANS shrug their shoulders. Britain has promised them every help should they be the victims of aggression. But just how much is that guarantee worth?

M. Gafencu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, tells me that he values it as an expression of our good will and friendship.

So do all his fellow-countrymen. But also they shrug their shoulders.

We guaranteed Poland. Now Poland is torn and crushed.

And we should find it as difficult to get our troops into Rumania as to give direct aid to Poland.

The Nazis would get there first.

Unless—

That's the word you hear everywhere in Rumania to-day, followed by the open wish, "If only the British Fleet were in the Black Sea!"

Once the Dardanelles were opened to our men-o'-war, King Carol would no longer have to walk a perilous tight-rope, trying to keep his balance without giving offence to either the Allies or the Nazis.

His people, from statesmen to humble charcoal-burners, would sleep easier at night.

They would feel secure against both German covetousness of their wheat and oil and Russian greed for their land.

I can tell you that Rumanians are pro-British almost to a man.

It isn't distrust of our word or our aims that makes them shrug their shoulders at our guarantee of their independence. It's the map of the Near East.

Glance at it for only a minute and you'll realise their difficulty.

We have immensely strong forces in Egypt, Syria and near-by countries. Strong enough to be a match for any legions of the dictators.

In peace time it would take at least four days of plain sailing for troopships to get from Egypt, Syria or Palestine to the nearest Rumanian port.

In time of war, when minesweeping and so many other safety precautions have to be taken before troopships can

leave, help would reach Rumania too late.

An alternative route lies through Bulgaria.

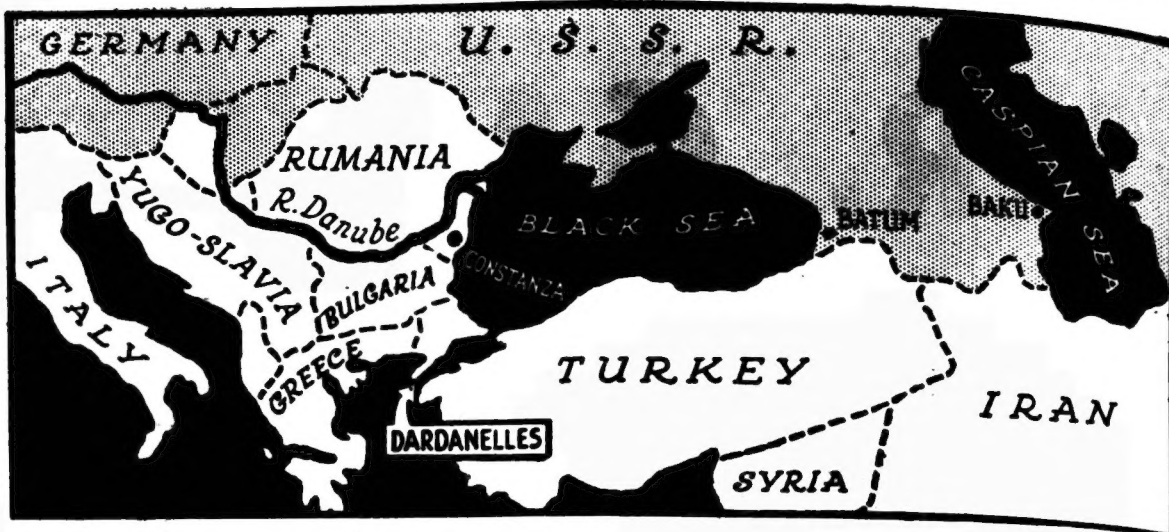
It would allow our armies to reach vital centres: Ruschuk, on the Danube, near the Rumanian oilfields; Vadin, near the Yugoslav border, where Allied forces could threaten the flank of a Nazi army marching eastwards.

BUT the odds are against Bulgaria allowing us a clear passage.

So our best choice would be a start from the Black Sea.

That means opening the Dardanelles, and to do that we must have the consent of our ally, Turkey.

What do the Turks feel about it? Talking to their leading spokesmen



HARRY GREGSON

"John Bull" envoy back from the Balkans, big question mark of the hour, says

Put Yourself in Turkey's Place

any quarter—they are an army of manoeuvre.

Undoubtedly, Molotov's anti-Rumanian speech will make Turkey consider her position very carefully.

The recall to London of British ambassadors in the Balkans is another pointer to big developments.

It would be a crowning stroke for our diplomacy if, following our vital treaty of mutual assistance, we persuaded Turkey that the danger of conflict threatening nearly every neutral State also threatens her.

Then the Dardanelles would be opened.

For the first time since the Great War, the twenty-five-mile channel of the Bosphorus would be overhung with a pall of smoke from an Allied Fleet steaming into the Black Sea.

THE NAZIS WOULD LOSE THEIR DIRTY GAME IN

THE BALKANS.

We would enable Rumania to resist the pressure of Dr. Clodius, the Nazi trade bully, for economic domination of her country.

Our blockade would be tightened, the end of the war brought nearer.

For not only would Germany be deprived of a large part of her Rumanian supplies, but goods could not be taken from Russia in Nazi steamers that have been unable to escape from the Black Sea owing to the Allied control of the Mediterranean.

MOSCOW would be more chary than ever of antagonising Britain.

Her "heel of Achilles"—the Caucasian oilfields—could be threatened by our fleet.

A possible threat to Turkey by Russian penetration of Bulgaria would be removed.

INDEED, IT WOULD PROBABLY PREVENT ANY AGGRESSION IN THE BALKANS—FROM WHATEVER QUARTER.

AND IF AGGRESSION CAME, THE USE OF THE BLACK SEA WOULD ENABLE US TO RUSH IMMEDIATE HELP TO THE NEW BATTLEFIELD.

Well, it's up to Turkey, our friend. Folly to ask her to act against her convictions! We have so much to gain by keeping her trust.

It is doubtful whether any strategic advantage could in the long run outweigh the moral advantage of having honour on our side.

But the conduct of the war may well be decided by the fresh instructions given to our ambassador, Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen, for his return to the Turkish capital, and the Turks' answer to his proposals.

as well as to ordinary peasants. I have found everywhere in their land the most complete understanding of this problem.

THE TURKS ARE MORE PRO-BRITISH THAN ANY OTHER BALKAN COUNTRY. AND THEY BELIEVE IN THE TRADITIONAL BRITISH MAXIM OF KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

SO, DESPITE RUSSIAN PERSUASIONS, THEY HAVE MAINTAINED THEIR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE ALLIES AND MADE WITH US A TREATY OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

On the other hand, Turkey is pledged not to allow foreign warships through the Dardanelles—except in certain circumstances.

Thus, Allied warships would have the right to enter the Black Sea to give assistance to a member of the League of Nations that had been attacked.

So far, there is no open aggression in the Balkans.

But we lost a fine opportunity of getting into the Black Sea when Finland was overrun and Russia was condemned as an aggressor by the League.

Again, should Turkey enter the war she would be able to say whether or not Allied warships might go through.

As she is not yet in the war, that doesn't help us just now.

But there's a third condition—should Turkey consider herself to be threatened with imminent danger of war, the passage of foreign warships is left entirely to her discretion.

WELL, do the Turks consider themselves in immediate danger?

They have answered my question with a frank "No."

But they add that events are moving so fast that what doesn't seem an imminent peril to-day may easily become one to-morrow.

Certainly a Nazi attack on Rumania would quickly induce them to welcome our battleships.

They are even more concerned with Italian and Russian action than with Germany's designs.

Moreover, our forces in the Near East are ready to deal with aggression from

"Save a Life with Your Unspoken Word"

MEETINGS loosen the heart-strings, they loosen the tongue as well, as smiles flash, hands clasp and voices rise, with their breathless news to tell. Of course, things of War importance are strictly kept taboo, but those little things, those family bits, these good-naturedly slip through, wrapped in their scraps of comfort, or served with a will to cheer, they're unrolled from Living Spools of Speech for the Enemy to hear.

AND so from Happy Tellings, comes the dreadful aftermath, the death of the very ones we love, Death spun in a friendly laugh. And we even fail to remember that moment when we explained, with such pride just what they were doing, and where they were being trained. Yet our small sentence of information, which we let fall on the air, made another fatal link in the chains Spies are forging everywhere.

AND still this Talk continues, news of work in munition shops, news of the movement of troops to villages; all these things like Death-painted Tops, spin and spin, till revolving they fall into enemy hands, whipped by the Breath of Gossip across unbelievable lands. And we're all of us easily guilty, Oh, have we nothing better to do? Can't we put a grip on our feelings until the War is Through?

CAN'T we each one remember that we're responsible for men's Lives, and that wherever people congregate and words buzz like bees in dark hives, it's there the Ugly Combs of Death are made upon which Spies feed, yet without our careless chatter no Informer could hope to succeed? For though he has done his damndest and pored over plans and charts, it's those Harmless Living Words that he Needs, the Words Spoken out of our Hearts.

AND so though we're simply longing to tell someone the things we have heard, we may, by remaining Silent, SAVE A LIFE WITH OUR UNSPOKEN WORD.

J. M.



Twelve Points for Victory

Continuing its investigations into the Great Allotments Drive, "John Bull" this week reveals why the Ministry of Agriculture will have to be content with only 200,000 of the 500,000 allotments it hoped to get

DIGGING in the DARK!



Men and women are eager to Dig for Victory, but they need encouraging

John Bull: No, the Ministry of Transport turned the idea down. It was turned down on a national scale, and so scores of thousands of men who would love to Dig for Victory, can't afford to do so. . . .

AND now we assemble a whole circle of Ealing diggers round the witness-stand.

We remind them that on a recent Sunday afternoon the Mayor of Ealing paid such a tribute on the radio to Ealing's allotment effort that Mr. Middleton, who was with him, was deeply moved.

"I hope that other towns will follow Ealing's lead," said Mr. Middleton with true Middleton warmth.

But let the Ealing allotment-holders now speak about Britain's No. 1 effort.

"My allotment consists of six inches of soil thrown over a concrete road," says one man.

"Mine is a vast expanse of bricks and rubbish into which you can hardly get a pick," says another.

"Twelve volunteer diggers on my allotment ground have had to give up," says a third.

"I had to buy a key for sixpence, although the gate has no lock," adds a fourth.

And one man has been rented a dump of tar-macadam and told to Dig for Victory.

PERHAPS allotments are not so important to the war effort. Let us see.

We import nearly 4,000,000 cwt. of tomatoes every year—twice what we produce ourselves. We grow only 3 per cent. of the 5,000,000 cwt. of onions we need.

Our star product is the potato.

We grow thirty-five times more than we import. Yet we spent more than £2,000,000 on imported potatoes last year.

European countries alone sell us 1,000,000 cwt. of greenstuffs every year.

We import 500,000 cwt. of canned vegetables. Our apple bill alone is £6,000,000 a year spent overseas.

We are a strange people. While doctors in Florida preach the virtues of rhubarb as a breakfast food, we fight to get Florida grapefruit for our own breakfasts.

We keep 6,000 British sailors in constant peril carrying food that we can grow in British allotments and back-gardens.

Why can't we give the Ministry of Agriculture the 500,000 extra allotments it wants to bring the figure up to 1,400,000?

Witnesses whose evidence we have given help you to judge.

Where near-by land is not available cheap travel facilities should be available. There'll be no room for a Ministry of Transport—or railway directors—in a starved Britain.

The average man's fear that he will be dispossessed of his allotment as soon as it is no longer essential to the war effort should be removed.

We ought to learn more from West Ham, where an allotment-holder with a car doesn't mind calling for one who hasn't even a bicycle.

There are free seeds for the unemployed at West Ham, and men with jobs pay allotment rents for men who have no jobs.

If a man joins the Fighting Services, his allotment is cultivated by his allotment pals. The produce goes to his family.

When the war started, the Ministry of Agriculture invited twenty-one different national organisations, their branches numbering thousands, to work as a co-ordinating council for allotments and private gardens.

Now too many cooks are spoiling the war-stew.

Thousands of so-called "co-ordinators" are giving us thousands of different allotment schemes; some bad, some good, some indifferent.

One scheme is wanted for the whole nation.

If it obviates all the criticisms of the witnesses we have produced there won't be much wrong with it.

B RITAIN'S Great Allotments Drive is failing! This is admitted even though the Ministry of Agriculture "hasn't received full returns yet." Bang goes the dream of having sufficient allotments by the end of this Spring to provide the food that could have been carried by ships lost through enemy action since the war began.

Bang goes the hope that 200,000 new allotments will make any appreciable difference to the situation. If they yield as much produce as you'd have a right to expect from as few as 50,000 well-chosen plots, JOHN BULL will be surprised.

The reason for this failure is muddle. And more muddle. And still more muddle. Witnesses we now beg leave to call will testify to it!

This way, Mr. Brinkall, please!

John Bull: Mr. A. Brinkall, you live at the Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster?

Mr. B.: I do.

John Bull: When the war started you considered it your duty to take an allotment?

Mr. B.: I took one at 5s. a year in Churchill Avenue. There are about a hundred gardens on this estate. After I'd planted mine with seeds, the Corporation told me I couldn't have it.

John Bull: You remember how the great allotments movement, born of the last war, was killed by the greed with which the land was stolen back from the allotmenters after the war?

Mr. B.: I never thought they'd again make the mistake of letting men waste their labour.

John Bull: Was any reason given as to why you should vacate your plot?

Mr. B.: We weren't told in so many words, but we understood the Corporation wanted to sell the land to the Government. But a quarter of a mile away there are 200 acres of land that would make excellent allotments. Yet it is lying waste.

W E beg leave to withhold the address of the next witness, Mr. Jesse, because we don't wish to betray the whereabouts of certain Government work to which he refers.

John Bull: It is understood, Mr. Jesse, that the ten-rod plot you rented from last September, and have now planted with young cabbages, and seeded for onions, turnip tops, spinach, beet and lettuces, has been taken away from you.

Mr. J.: That is true. I don't suppose the crops would have come to much, but hundreds of men like me feel we have been fooled.

John Bull: What use is being made of your allotments?

Mr. J.: They have been bought by the Government with many thousands of acres of excellent farm lands—as an artillery range.

N EXT we will hear Mr. W. J. Lee, of Connaught Road, Leytonstone, whose war time allotment you will find somewhere in the River Roding.

Mr. Lee: More than 150 of us with plots at Roding Farm, Wanstead, East London, had to stand idle over Easter because the floods had carried our soil, our seeds and hopes into the river.

This is the sixth time it has happened since the war started. Yet a few loads of the earth, excavated for the extension of the Central London line, a few hundred yards away, would have saved all the trouble.

R ATHER different is the complaint of our next witness, Mr. Smith, of Hanham, Bristol.

Mr. S.: I own a car that will want precious little

cleaning this summer, and I own a garden that will feed ten people.

Yet I have been told by the West Gloucestershire Water Company that the use of a hosepipe for garden watering is prohibited after March 25, 1940.

Car washing alone is allowed.

John Bull: Soaked though Britain has been this winter, we are aware that several water-supply concerns have sent out such notices.

So you think food for the nation comes before clean motor-car panels?

Mr. S.: As a man whose young nephew has been killed at sea carrying food to Britain, I don't think—I know.

N OW a Middlesex witness, a housewife who doesn't want her name given.

John Bull: Because your husband is a soldier, you applied for half an allotment. A whole plot was too much for you, yet you wanted to do your Digging for Victory.

Mrs. X.: That is so. Half an allotment? The authorities were horrified at the idea! I told them that thousands of women would Dig for Victory if they could take half plots, and that I didn't know one who would undertake a whole plot.

John Bull: And that was the end of it?

Mrs. X.: End of it? By no means. They caught me trying to get another allotment-holder to share a plot with me.

That is the dreadful crime of sub-letting. When they'd finished with me, I was conjuring up visions of Wormwood Scrubs.

T HE next witness is not an allotment-holder. He is Mr. Scarff, of Bermondsey, London, S.E.

John Bull: You did intend to take an allotment, Mr. Scarff, but like many hundreds more decided that you couldn't afford the railway fares?

Mr. Scarff: Hundreds more? Hundreds of thousands more. An allotment is supposed to yield £10 a year in food, but you can soon spend your £10 in fares.

John Bull: Did the Bermondsey Council make any effort to get cheap facilities for its allotment-holders, because Bermondsey is not an agricultural district?

Mr. Scarff: They fought hard for workmen's ticket rates, but the railway companies turned the suggestion down.

**Are You Reading
Richard Sudell's Gardening
Notes
on Page 32!**

OPEN LETTERS

Lord STAMP, Government's Economic Adviser

MY LORD,—I dare say you've enjoyed the joke of receiving a parcel of food from an American friend who was so influenced by Nazi propaganda that he thought you must be starving.

But the joke is on Britain. Incredible that we take no steps to tell Americans the truth about conditions here.

Monstrous that our authorities are not on guard against Nazis, who themselves send us food parcels from the United States in an effort to make us the world's pitiable laughing-stock!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—What folly to drill soldiers in busy streets when open spaces are available near by!

Recruits in shorts and vests are given physical training at Bognor between bursts of traffic in a main street.

They would be less embarrassed and have much more room for movement on the shore or the country behind the town.

The same stupidity annoys both the men and local residents at Fooks Cray, in Kent.

End it quickly.—JOHN BULL.

GRIMSBY TOWN COUNCIL,

GENTLEMEN,—In refusing to allow the Sunday opening of cinemas you display an intolerance worthy of the Dark Ages.

You can't force Service men to go to church by denying them recreation during their few hours ashore.

I prefer the realism of the bishops who agree that such measures are an insult to true religion.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. JUDD, Salvage Controller

DEAR SIR,—Public exasperation is growing at the failure to salvage household refuse, urgently needed for the manufacture of war essentials.

It will need more than your assurances of "progress" to overcome the passive resistance of lazy local authorities. Not until every council is showing the profitable enterprise of Tottenham and East Ham will the country's wasted paper, rag and metals be fully utilised.

That will not be achieved by the fumbling and half-hearted methods of your department.—JOHN BULL.

Grand-Admiral RAEDER, Nazi Naval Nabob

SIR,—Looking forward to unemployment?

Your U-boats are being sunk faster than they can be replaced. One day you'll have none left.

In boasting last year that they could be built at the rate of ten a week, you forgot two things—lack of raw materials and the difficulty of training crews.

Perhaps they'll find you a job canning sardines.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT HARLEY, Torquay

DEAR MR. HARLEY,—Although unknown to most of the public, you are a great Englishman.

In twelve years you have saved thirty-four people from drowning. One rescue caused an operation for the removal of part of your throat, and a doctor's warning that you must never again enter the sea. But you insist on repeating your bravery whenever the need arises.

Such a record, held by a man in the early thirties, is surely without equal.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—An ex-Serviceman with long experience in the police and commerce, now on the "dole," has been brusquely told by an employment exchange official that he is not "of the police inspector type required by the Food Control Department."

Pleasant jobs in Government offices

Judge TREVOR HUNTER, K.C.

YOUR HONOUR.—It's no use saying to needy Service men, "Don't get excited, I am sure you can get an increased allowance."

They have tried to get it in vain. Their families are faced with bitter hardship.

There is every excuse for them and the rest of the public to be excited by the blind parsimony of the authorities.

One soldier has told you that his wife gets £1 16s. a week, out of which 19s. 1d. should be extracted for rent.

Having three children to keep, she has paid the rent only one week in every two.

Endless applications have been made for a special allowance, without result. Now the L.C.C. seeks possession of the house.

When telling that soldier not to become excited, you must surely have felt sympathy for his distress of mind. Yet I doubt whether any positive good will be achieved by adjourning such cases for a month, and advising the men to: "Tell your officers that your wife and family are in danger of being turned into the street."

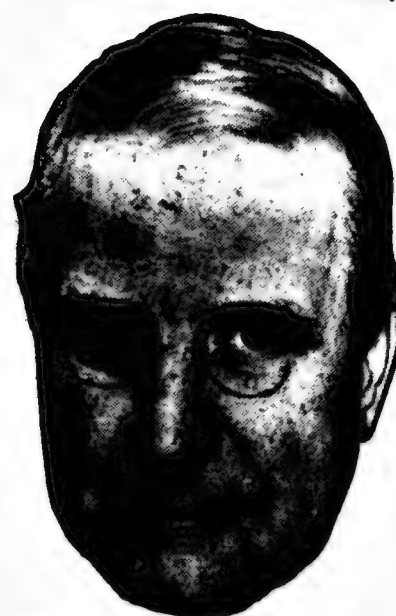
It is the Special Grants Committee administered by Whitehall that is to blame, not the commanding officers.

I have mentioned the plight of soldiers' wives whose applications for an extra rent allowance have been ignored for months. M.P.s have made similar revelations in Parliament.

There are families with heavy mortgage, insurance, schooling and other expenses who are told, after being visited by inquisitive officials, that no additional allowance can be given them.

There is every reason for dissatisfaction with the working of a scheme that was greeted with praise and thankfulness.

Official stinginess must be reversed, unless you and other judges are to remain perplexed, hardship imposed on Service men's wives and children, and the general public roused to anger.—JOHN BULL.



Judge wants a better deal for Service men's families. So does the public

are now being given to retired police superintendents and other pensioners.

But your Department should not aid this unfair and embittering practice.—JOHN BULL.

Air Marshal E. L. GOSSAGE, Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR SIR,—Although new to your job it should not take you long to remove this sort of absurdity.

A skilled fitter of aero engines and air frames, conscripted last August, is now wasting his ability in the Air Force by filling tanks with petrol.

His firm, busy on official contracts, has vainly applied for his release.

I depend on you to see the right men are given the right work.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL, Stanley, Durham

GENTLEMEN,—When it was necessary to reduce the number of paid A.R.P. wardens, some of the victims hoped to be appointed in another branch.

But one of the two men appointed is a councillor, who is supposed to supervise wardens and who draws superannuation, old-age pension and £3 a week in his new job.

There is much comment locally. I'm not surprised.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—A crazy barrier of red tape prevented the rescue of several hundred tons of corn at Prestbury, Cheshire.

The A.F.S. was ready to tackle a mill fire, but, according to regulations, nothing could be done unless it was called on by a regular brigade.

So the fire burned away until the Macclesfield brigade arrived—too late. Your wide powers enable you at last to end this perilous restriction. Get busy, please.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander HODSOLL, Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—No need to stress the danger of any A.R.P. laxity. Yet a Bristol man who has attended five lectures but had no examination has been given a proficiency certificate and appointed as a warden.

Civil defence will be as full of holes as a machine-gunned Heinkel if this practice becomes general.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. N. McLAREN, Director of Ordnance Factories

DEAR SIR,—Hundreds of men employed in ordnance depots are earning only 46s. a week, less insurance, and must pay three or four shillings in fares.

I don't know how they manage to keep families in these days of high prices.

Do you?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. W. OGILVIE, Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—Wise to order your announcers to be less formal in the Forces programme. But for the love of Mike tell them not to overdo the honeyed accents.

Some address the troops as though they were trying to amuse a kindergarten or were elephants in tender mood, and their absurdities often spoil a good programme.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Don't let an industry be smashed and our propaganda suffer because you are too busy to make up your mind.

Film chiefs have been waiting for months to hear whether the quota system is to continue.

Time they were given a decision.—JOHN BULL.

"Greatest of These . . ."

WHEN you have heard the conditions in which Mrs. King, of Wickford, Essex, is battling for existence, there will be no need for JOHN BULL to urge you to be generous.

Such a heroine needs your unqualified assistance.

Her husband, an ex-Serviceman, has been long unemployed. Mrs. King has been ill since the beginning of the year, and has now broken her right arm.

Her twelve-year-old son has only recently come out of a sanatorium; the other two children, both under fifteen, require extra nourishment to fit them for life's battle. But there is little left for food and clothes when 12s. 6d. a week rent



Save him from hunger!

has been paid, and the family doctor has vouched for their distressing circumstances.

Please help this deserving family.

Donations should be earmarked "Distressed," and addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge contributions from various anonymous donors during the last four weeks.

MAKING HITLER SQUEAL!

HITLER'S game is up at last! His invasion of Scandinavian countries is the play of a desperate man.

Up to a fortnight ago he was eager to avoid any major clash. A war of nerves suits the Germans best—it doesn't suit us at all. It was Germany's game in the last war, when all efforts to reach Paris had failed.

It needed a master-stroke to shake Hitler from carrying on with his plan of gobbling up smaller countries piecemeal by his policy of "limited objective"—and threatened *blitzkrieg*. He had to be dragged out of the funk-hole from which he was directing operations for the conquest of Europe.

And the Allied master-stroke has succeeded. From now on Hitler has to give fight.

The Allies have compelled him to do so by taking the initiative.

How little it suits him you will understand if you look at the situation from his angle.

HITLER BELIEVED HE COULD CONQUER EUROPE WITHOUT A MAJOR WAR. HIS WEAPON WAS UNIVERSAL REVOLUTION.

HE COULD GOBBLE UP THE SMALLER COUNTRIES PIECEMEAL WITH FEAR AS HIS WEAPON; HE COULD DEMORALISE THE BIGGER COUNTRIES BY INTERNAL PROPAGANDA. THEN HE COULD ALSO GOBBLE UP BIG COUNTRIES.

It was a bold scheme, an impudent imposture.

For this purpose he made his infamous deal with Stalin, which he hoped would give Britain and France such a shock that they would leave Poland to her fate.

For this purpose, too, he bent all the resources of his propaganda machine to detaching Britain from France.

In all those manoeuvres he has failed.

The Stalin bogey has become a negligible quantity. In the end it will be a liability to Hitler—not an asset.

Our consequent freedom from trouble in the Mediterranean is more than a set-off to any mischief that Russia is likely to do us for a long time to come.

And so far from Hitler having succeeded in driving a wedge between Britain and France, the solidarity of the Allies is the most striking fact of the struggle.

When we compare the relations, whether military or economic, between the two countries at any period of the Great War with the relations to-day, we have reason for profound thankfulness and for unequivocal confidence in the issue.

FOR the part he has played in this vital matter Mr. Chamberlain is entitled to the gratitude of us all.

Nor is there any fear of that solidarity being weakened.

Whatever the governmental difficulties in France or here, there will be no breach in the unity of the two countries, no slackening in the united determination of the free peoples to deliver Europe once and for all from the appalling curse of Hitlerism.

If this rough analysis of the position of the belligerents to-day be accurate, then it is reasonable to conclude that the initiative was passing from Germany to the Allies, and that Hitler knew it.

Swept from the sea, cut off from all contact

with the outside world, with the stranglehold of the blockade tightening its grip around her, Germany was a beleaguered nation.

Her only hope of maintaining and surviving the war was to compel her immediate neighbours to feed, clothe, obey, and fetch and carry for her.

That hope it was our business to frustrate.

We have been slow in dealing with it, but at last our foot is on the accelerator and Mr. Chamberlain is alive to the immense gravity of the business.

WISH he were sufficiently alive to make drastic changes in the Economic department, which, like that of Agriculture, is lamentably deficient in its personnel.

THERE ARE TWO MAIN DIRECTIONS IN WHICH BOLD ACTION NEEDS TO BE TAKEN.

The first is to close up more rigorously the neutral channels through which vital war commodities are flowing into Germany.

Take as one illustration of what was happening the facts published in the *New York Times* dealing with exports from the United States to neutral countries near or contiguous to Germany.

In December and January last these exports increased over those of the corresponding months a year ago as follows:—

Netherlands 50 per cent., Denmark 23 per cent., Norway 146 per cent., Sweden 44 per cent., Russia 118 per cent., Italy 76 per cent. Belgium alone showed a decrease.

Some of this enormous increase may be due to other causes, but can there be any doubt that the major part of it has found its way into Germany?

There are certain ports, like Trieste, where the import trade has leapt up to an unprecedented level.

Why? What answer can there be but "Germany"?

This current of contraband through the neutrals had to be stopped.

I have reason to believe that the amount of con-

traband intercepted by us in this war is so far gravely below the average in the last war, where, if I remember aright, the total was something like 20 million tons.

Have we yet seized a million tons?

WHATEVER OUR PREOCCUPATIONS WITH THE MILITARY SITUATION THAT HAS ARISEN WITH SUCH DRAMATIC SUDDENNESS IN SCANDINAVIA, IT IS CLEAR THAT WE MUST NOT NEGLECT OUR ECONOMIC WEAPONS THAT WILL BE AS POWERFUL, IN THE LONG RUN, AS OUR ARMED FORCES.

NORWAY PROVIDES A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE NEED TO PREVENT NAZI TERRORISTS FROM INTIMIDATING SMALLER NEUTRALS.

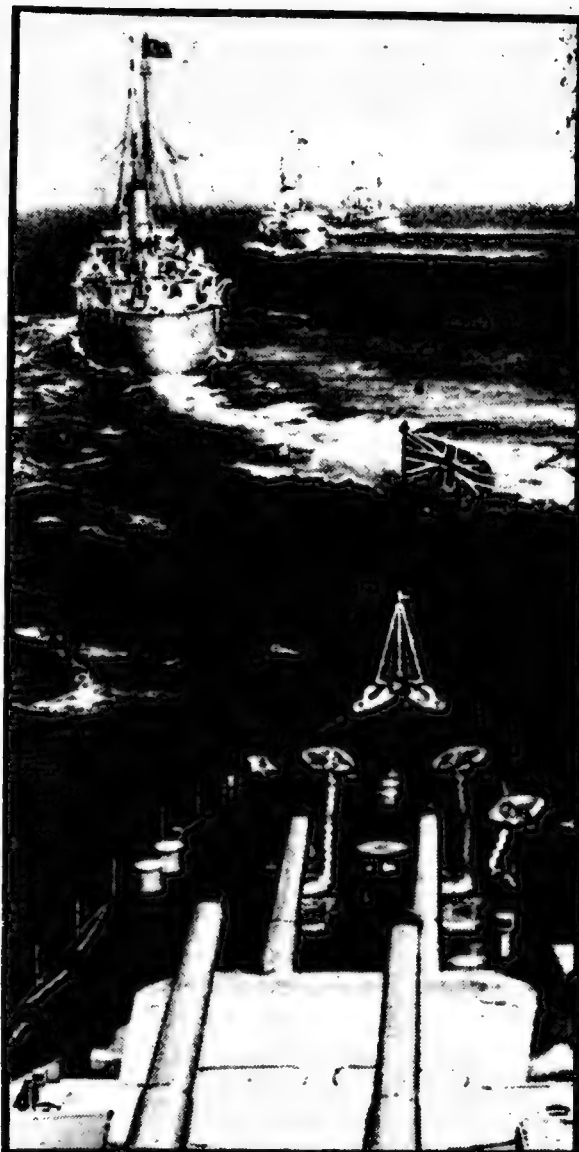
Every move by a neutral to placate the Nazis merely encourages them to fresh violations of international law that ultimately result in open aggression.

We must show that Britain is strong enough to repel Hitler's economic threats to the trembling States that have not yet been dragged by him into the conflict.

Neutral waters cease to be neutral when they become the sanctuary of the criminal.

We must see that they remain neutral in theory and in practice.

There remains the second and most important phase of the economic war.



The British Navy has swept the Nazi merchant service from the seas . . . the blockade has made Germany a beleaguered nation

We cannot prevent neutrals contiguous to the enemy trading with the enemy, but we have the means of competing in that trade and diverting the flow of war essentials away from Germany and to ourselves.

We can compete on the most attractive terms, for we can pay in cash while Germany can only pay in kind.

WE have been lamentably slow in this phase of the economic war, but now we are going full steam ahead.

The series of trade agreements we are making with the neutral countries should do much to tighten the stranglehold through which, more than through anything else, we can win the victory and save the liberties of Europe.

In this critical phase of the war we have the whip-hand. Hitler's attempt to starve us out by indiscriminate murder at sea has conspicuously failed.

We have every reason to believe that it cannot now succeed.

We have equal reason to believe that in the war of economic attrition he is doomed.

And in this war the neutrals must play their part. Their position is tragic, but they know that we are fighting their battle.

If we had allowed Hitler to go on playing the game he was seeking to play, the fate of the Scandinavian countries would have been the fate of Poland and Czechoslovakia.

In their hearts they have always known the issue—Hitler over Europe or Hitler in the Dust.

A. G. Gardiner

declares that we must now act quickly to save other small neutrals from the clutches of Europe's Wild Beast

Sham Defence Corps

Public Benefactor

MR. P. J. MADDOCKS, Malden Road, Cheam, Surrey, has been awarded this week's guinea. He provided me with details of a new gardening house-to-house ramp.

Don't be afraid to write to me about any matter you think needs investigating.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Gray's Eulogy

MR. OLIVER GRAY, fair, clean-shaven, of medium build and wearing thick-lensed glasses, of Till Street, Worcester, invites people to put up money in a way which clearly calls for a little warning publicity.

You will realise why when I tell you that he was in Lincoln recently, claiming to be able to find jobs in the "Theatrical and Entertainment Profession—£3 10s.: £150 secures."

One applicant, a man without work, met Gray at a private house—he had no office—and succumbed to his persuasive sales-talk to the extent of parting with £20.

Gray had produced books, supposed to be full of booking dates, and talked of an "employment agency licence" being taken out so that the man could work with him.

Then Gray had to leave Lincoln, but he wrote to his new "manager" in the name of the "Keyworth Agency," an organisation of his invention that is not registered, saying that things were moving.

He extracted another £30 from the Lincoln victim, writing from Till Street, Worcester, and later sent an "agreement" when asking for a further £100.

At this stage the investor wrote to me and I advised him not to part with any more money.

Employment-with-investment is always an objectionable method of raising funds.

Nearly four months have passed since the first sum was obtained, and a list of theatres which Gray has lately asserted he will shortly "control" includes one in London.

THE MANAGEMENT THERE HAVE NEVER HEARD OF MR. OLIVER GRAY!

It is always unwise to part with money, no matter how attractive the proposition might appear, without first making the fullest enquiries.

REVELATIONS



Pupils received flying lessons as members of Gordon's Women Air Volunteer Reserve

ENERGETIC forty-three-year-old Captain Raymond Gordon, last war veteran of the R.A.F., excelling in inventing semi-military and aircraft defence schemes, has recently become civilian "Commanding Officer" of three hundred patriotic pioneers in an organisation he has launched in the Home Counties.

His keenness for raising private forces has given him a brilliant halo of importance in London and in such Essex towns as Romford, Ashington, Chelmsford and Southend-on-Sea.

People in Hornchurch, Essex, where Captain Gordon is known as an engineer, will tell you how nobly he is struggling to organise his National Defence Army of forty-ones, which he has christened "The County of Essex Defence Corps."

While the Captain talks eagerly about this corps guarding important points in Britain's defence, watching over crops to save them from the effects of incendiary bombs and assisting short-handed farmers, the three hundred volunteers, without uniforms or arms, are learning what drill they can in scattered buildings.

Captain Gordon hopes that his latest scheme will spread throughout the country, yet War Office chiefs have so far refused to give it their blessing.

Sensing the Captain's ardour, many people might well consider that "The County of Essex Volunteer Corps" has many features needing public support.

But there is probably a reason for the War Office being slow in giving the Captain encouragement.

Despite Captain Gordon's ambitions, the Army Council may well prefer to fall back on its own organised Defence Corps when the time comes, rather than to enlist the services of this ex-R.A.F. officer of Hornchurch.

Probably the War Office may have heard about some of Captain Gordon's past efforts, which didn't look so good when the original polish had worn off.

My investigators have provided me with a most illuminating report about the Captain's earlier calls to patriotic endeavour.

Imitating the R.A.F.

GORDON became president of the "British Flying Services" when he was living in Peckham Road, London, S.E. It started off with the most laudable aims, but made little progress.

He then renamed it the British Flying Corps, and said its programme was to establish a civil flying unit, on R.A.F. lines, with squadrons and flights in various parts of the country.

Members of this movement, which was an unofficial air force, wore uniforms similar to that of the Royal Air Force, and were given similar titles and ranks.

They paid a subscription on joining, made a weekly donation to the funds, and bought their own uniforms.

The Air Ministry frowned on the whole thing.

From the same South London address Gordon was associated with a company seeking, in return for premiums, to give young pupils tuition in journalism.

No Right to Rank

AMONG Gordon's supporters was a man who lectured on the work and privileges of this private "Air Force."

He went about describing himself as a "Lieut.-Commander, R.N.R.," and it must have shocked the Captain when he discovered that his naval supporter had no right to the title, and had been sent to prison for obtaining goods by fraud.

Another scheme promoted by Gordon was a women's air corps. Flying tuition was given to factory workers, telephone girls and nurses in return for a membership subscription and a fee of 15s. an hour.

Many people might have thought this aviation scheme for women had some official significance, but the Air Ministry does not foster private units, especially when run on commercial lines.

Other flying companies with which the Captain has been associated have not lived up to their original aims.

And defence units such as that which Captain Gordon is now sponsoring so eagerly in Essex should be left entirely to the Army Council, not to private enterprise.

ANOTHER VICTORY

THROUGH close collaboration between Police Authorities and JOHN BULL'S investigation department, Albert Frederick Roberts, a financier who has been defrauding the public since the last war, was sentenced at the Guildhall, London, last week to twelve months' imprisonment for frauds he committed when working a ramp called British Farms Commodities, Limited, of Holborn, E.C.

His racket was twice thoroughly exposed by JOHN BULL (October 28 and December 9, 1939).

I am naturally pleased that already this year several swindlers have been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment after their operations have been first investigated by JOHN BULL and exposed in these columns.

They Need Watching

HERE are four of the firms about which I am receiving enquiries every day. If you have their names well planted in your memory, you will immediately throw away the circulars that you are bound to receive from them before long!

F. Youngson and Co., "Employment Specialists," of Newbald, near York, is a one-man business managed by F. F. Youngson. He advertises for spare-time workers, even though he has no real employment to offer. Company conducts, year in and year out, an elaborate fee-snatching programme that takes a leading place among the most blatant employment snares on my records.

"Melton Manufacturing Company (Area 850), Melton Road, Leicester," suggests that people should make fancy goods at home, and wrings fees from victims who receive poor

return for money. The brothers Brown run this concern alternately. Aubrey Goldsmith, chief of the National Confectionery Industry, Regent Street, London, W.1, supposed to be "looking after interests of trade," says that even if manufacturers do not get another pound of sugar this year they can still turn out sweets as plentifully as the public can consume them. JOHN BULL has criticised its fee-snatching operations time and again.

Winifred Maud Amsbridge is behind Investment Racing "Systems," using different names; most recent was "S. Andrews"; office in St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. Woman complainant writes bitterly about the large sum involved in her system losses. If she had kept this name in mind she would still have that money.

Sir
Wyndham
Child's
Page

Readhead is at It Again!

I HAVE had a lot of nasty things to say about Readhead's American Junk Encyclopaedia, which is handled by him under the pompous alias of Consolidated World Research Society, Limited.

Beware of the blandishments of the woman who will attempt to flatter you into accepting a free so-called Encyclopaedia.

Within a few days—even hours—a plausible gentleman will follow her and produce to you a harmless-looking document which purports to be merely the proof of the representative's authority to make the "very attractive offer."

* * *

Strangely enough, your signature is required to this "authority," but your suspicions will be allayed because the words "No liability incurred by this signature" appear below the space for your signature.

This "authority" mentions something about "cash price." But you may not notice it. If you do, you will fail to realise the importance of those damning words.

I can tell you what "cash price" means.

After you have been caught, Readhead will have the impudence to suggest calmly that you have bought quarterly supplemental volumes to be produced over a period of ten years.

I suspect that this innocent-looking little slip of white paper will be claimed to be the "separate" document "in writing" required under the Hire Purchase Act of 1938, without which no Credit Sale is lawful!

I shall await with interest the opinion of County Court judges as to whether a document that purports to be merely a representative's "authority" and yet requires the victim's signature (under conditions in which no liability is incurred), can be utilised for this ulterior purpose.

* * *

I have in my possession a peculiar well-thumbed, dog-eared document, which I intend to publish later on when space permits. It contains the highly confidential instructions as to how to work the swindle, and reads almost like a play.

There are instructions what to say and when to say it, and how to withdraw one form when the victim smells a rat and to produce another.

It was given to me months ago by a traveller of Readhead, so sick of the whole dirty business that he packed up.

SECRET CARGO RAMP

YOU'LL be well and truly scuttled if you let "Captain Bertram Thompson" get his weather eye on your possessions, for he knows more about the gentle art of piracy than anybody who has ever served beneath the skull-and-cross-bones.

And he certainly looks the part.

This fifty-year-old, salt-encrusted crook has the dark, piercing eyes of the mariner; pointed features; dark hair, thinning on top; blue reefer jacket with brass buttons; a weather-beaten complexion and such a fund of sea stories that he seems as essential as a rudder to any vessel. Yet he can't even be trusted with a dinghy.

Obviously an excellent handler of men, he spins his yarns with ease, posing as a

Captain of an oil tanker; Would-be purchaser of the merchant steamer "Thorland"; an ancient mariner, well known in Norway and South America.

HE used all his powers of persuasion on a retired Merchant Service officer with money to invest whom he met at an hotel on the outskirts of London.

They swapped sea stories until they felt as though they'd known each other for years. And then "Captain" Thompson admitted cautiously that he was about to set his signature to deeds under the terms of which he was to buy, lock, stock and barrel, the steamer *Thorland*, then lying in a Norwegian port.

With the help of several wealthy friends he was to pay £15,000 for the vessel, which was to bring emergency food supplies from South America.

After persuading the Merchant Service officer to part with money, he engaged him to find a crew to bring the "Thorland" from Norway to Avonmouth, where she was to be equipped for secret trips across the Atlantic.

He produced blue-prints of the *Thorland*, obtained from the owner by false pretences, and the dupe was busily engaging a crew when a substantial cheque he had cashed for the bogus captain (drawn on the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane, branch of a well-known bank) came back dishonoured.

NOW find that it came from a stolen book.

Thompson has a different name in every port; ringing the changes on Gibbons, Seaton and Maude. But even though he can change his name and his stories, he can never escape the tell-tale thumb on his right hand. It is very dented and peculiar.

In his "spare time" he victimises hotel-keepers.

Keep this suspicious craft well astern if he tells you to heave-to.

Thumb and all, he's as dangerous as a U-boat.

Better be careful what you say these days. Your words may be so full of dynamite they'll blow you into prison

Defence Regulation No. 3 says that no person shall obtain, record, or communicate to any other person any information about armament, equipment, disposition, movement, or condition of the armed Forces, vessels or aircraft, or about any other matter whatsoever that may be useful to the enemy.

THE word *communicate* means that those guilty of passing on dangerous gossip about any thing whatsoever that may be useful to the enemy can be prosecuted under D.O.R.A.

If you didn't know that, blame the authorities.

No public statement has yet been issued warning careless talkers that they can be hauled into court under Defence Reg. No. 3.

Yet JOHN BULL gives that warning, on the highest Government authority.

National circulation of such a warning might do more to stop dangerous gossip than all the two million funny "Careless Talk Costs Lives" posters that leave many ordinary people more amused than impressed.

Defence Reg. No. 3 can rope in any and every careless talker, although the catching of an offender will be anything but easy.

Gossipers will not report themselves, and most people will not recognise dangerous gossip.

Consequently the authorities have intelligence officers busy in public-houses, hotels, clubs, trains, and other places where tongues wag easily, especially near camps, aerodromes and dockyards.

Many foolish tongue-waggers have already received warnings, and at any moment now Defence Reg. 3 may be evoked to make the first example of a civilian offender.

The Admiralty has begun the stern punishment of offenders in the Services with the court-martial of a naval officer. He lost his commission.

There is no excuse for loose tongues in the three Services.

Anti-gossip parades are now held, and officers and men are

Brilliant Fougasse posters reminding us that "careless talk costs lives" will soon carry a more severe warning.



You never know who's listening!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH!

told that enemy agents, especially women, will most likely seek to encourage careless talk in public-houses, hotels, dance halls and similar places that offer facilities for unguarded conversation.

The Naval Intelligence Department is satisfied that as far as the Fleet and dockyards are concerned everybody has been made fully aware of the danger.

The War Office and the Air Ministry are equally satisfied about the thoroughness of their anti-gossip parade instruction.

Yet it has been unofficially reported that idle tongues in an hotel near London gave away the number of forces stationed in the area, and the names of ports

from which troops were embarking from this station for France.

Underneath a "Careless Talk Costs Lives" notice at a London club was disclosed important information about a brigade in the Near East, including details of several of its battalions.

It is perilous to think that it is safe to say anything to a man wearing uniform. Several spies have been revealed during the last few months employing this "confidence trick."

There was no doubt that thousands of lives were lost in the last war through spies collecting information while listening to ordinary gossip.

It is generally believed that Kitchener lost his life in the Hampshire in this way, and several other major tragedies, such as that of the *Lusitania*, could reasonably be attributed to the careless talker.

Authorities know that gossip spreads like wildfire to-day. They have not had to spread false rumours to find this out. Proof has been provided by Nazi "whisperers" still in our midst who have set going by word of mouth idle stories calculated to create scares or "war nerves."

Lord Haw-Haw has been credited with giving away such "secrets" as the movements of troops and the stopping of a town clock in a famous Midland town, which have proved on investigation not to have originated over the Nazi radio at all.

Sir Kenneth Clark, Ministry of Information films director, responsible for the three anti-gossip pictures to be shown in two thousand cinemas, says that "in Germany they cure wagging tongues in the concentration camp, but that is not our way."

Behind the scenes it has now been decided that something more than posters and films may be necessary to protect vital secrets.

The answer lies in prosecution under Defence Reg. No. 3.

Imaginary Interview in the Black-Out Bus

FARES, if you please! ... Not hard of hearing, are you, Mister? ... Oh, you was in a reverie, was you? Judging by the smell of that cigar, I should say you was having pleasant dreams. ... I'll bet Winnie Churchill himself would turn his head to catch a whiff of that one!

What's that you say, "He wouldn't need to, seeing he's smoking it himself!" ... Lord lumme, Mr. Churchill, I oughter have recognised you at once, what with that hat and the cigar. ...

You know, sir, I'd give a lot to have been inside that there reverie of yours. And half Europe would like to know the dreams that was going on in your head—specially the neutral half. Not but what you've done some straight talking to them neutrals already.

THEY take notice of what you say, Mr. Churchill, and so does little old Adolf and all. The little fellers didn't like it when you told them that they was always hoping the Nazi crocodile would lose his appetite before it came to their particular turn.

They didn't like it because it was too blinking true.

It's a case of crocodile fears on the

one hand—which make them knuckle under to them murdering Nazi pirates—and crocodile tears on the other—which they keep shedding freely when they complain that you've been a bit high-handed with them.

You know, sir, you put new heart into us all when you came out flat the other day and said, though you had "the greatest sympathy for these forlorn countries," you certainly wasn't going to "let their weakness feed the aggressor's strength and fill to overflowing the cup of human woe."

AND now you've got promotion, sir, which most of us have been hoping and praying for, I wouldn't mind betting that some of the leaks in the blockade will soon be stopped up.

And about time, too!

It makes me hopping mad to think how them German ships have been sneaking along neutral coasts, putting their thumbs to their noses at the British Navy, steaming helplessly outside territorial waters.

You've got a big job to tackle now, Mr. Churchill, if you'll pardon my saying so, but there's no man—not in this Government at all events—who could hope to do it half so well. ...

When the Germans heard you was to

hold the reins of all the Fighting Services, they said you had been elevated from Warmonger to Grand Warmonger. You've got your chance to show them the difference between a warmonger and a war-maker.

The Yanks have put it better: They just call you the "War Boss," and they reckon you're going to get a move on. Your pal Monsieur Reynaud seems to be all out for that, too, and we're counting on the pair of you to make it hot for Hitler and lose no time about it.

If you should ever feel a bit discouraged, just remember that you're the best-hated man in all Nazi Germany! People hate most what they fear most, and so it seems to me you can't go far wrong while the Nazis keep you top of the bill as their Number One villain and bogeyman.

GETTING off here?

Well, good night and good luck to you, sir. Whatever happens, we're all with you. Things couldn't go on the way they was in Europe with "that wicked man" on top, and you was dead right when you said that we're determined to bring "such a hideous state of alarm and menace to an end—as soon as may be and once for all."

Crocodile Fears

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

GOT YOUR CHIN-MASK?

By Oliver Plush

YOU will be delighted to learn that my old and odious buddy, Professor Sebastian Snurdge, has perfected an invention, or invented a perfection (you pays your money and you takes your choice), which will make the black-out even blacker.

It is a special, super-quality, non-transparent chin-mask to be worn after dark by men with lantern jaws.

Unmentionable

I'm really sorry for Old Man Buchan, whose cold spells don't get a look in with the newspapers nowadays. They're merely—blue pencil.

Hard to Swallow

After taking my first dose of the tonic ordered by the doctor, I felt like saying with the heroine of the melodrama, "Who will save me from a phosphate worse than death?"

History in the Faking

MONDAY.—Twenty R.A.F. bombers knock several different kinds of stuffing out of the fortified seaplane bases on the island of Wump. All return safely.

TUESDAY.—Dear little Dr. Goebbels announces that at least eighty bombers attempted to attack Wump. Because of hopeless inaccuracy in sighting all bombs fell in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and points West. At least seventy-nine bombers destroyed.

WEDNESDAY.—Four hundred R.A.F. machines which attempted to raid Wump were brought down over the English coast. Party of neutral journalists taken to Polish frontier to see where our bombs didn't fall.

THURSDAY.—Lord Haw-Haw reveals that entire British Air Force was destroyed before they could take off in an attempt to bomb Wump. Party of neutral journalists shown places in North Sea where bombs would have fallen if only R.A.F. had not been wiped out.

FRIDAY.—Twenty R.A.F. bombers knock several other kinds of stuffing out of what is left of the fortified seaplane bases on the island of Wump. All return safely.

As Sydney Sees It!



Business as usual.

Smith's Weekly, (Sydney)



Warning "Syren"

Take it from your Uncle Olly, the sort of dame every young fellow should avoid is the girl who will love a man for all she's worth for all he's worth.

The Letter Writer

Tact is the great essential in dealing with all business matters. When you are writing a letter to your coal merchant, always start off with some encouraging sentence, such as:

"Dear Sir,—Since joining your Slate Club. . ."

Pulling Together

Americans have been shocked because prisoners in a big penitentiary have asked to be allowed to study dentistry. Personally, I think an ex-gunman would make a first-class tooth extractor.

Just think how quick he must be on the draw.

Aunt Agatha popped up with a good one.

"I suppose," she said, with a sweet smile, "what they mean by a 'Sabbath Day's Journey' is twice round the golf course."

Critic's Corner

A film critic, praising Walt Disney's latest full-length picture, says: "You can take every member of the family to it without the slightest fear of one of them being hurt."

So how about renaming the picture "Safety Pin-occhio"?

Come Inside

"You seem to be worried; in fact, you look like the victim of hoodoo."

"Hoodoo?"

"You do."

"Do what?"

"Seem very worried. In fact, you look like the victim of hoodoo."

"Hoodoo?"

"You do."

"Do what?"

"Seem very . . ."

All right, we know when we are beaten.

Old Standfasts

Some girls take so long to reach their twentieth year that they must be in their seccotines.

'Plane to be Seen

"It is becoming increasingly clear," exalts an aviation expert, "that Nazi aircraft are facing a dark future."

Sort of a hopeless Dorn-ier.



OLD BILL by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Mind what you're doin' to that wall! Remember it will be me what's left behind to put France back as we found it, when all this is over."

Straight Talk with a Thirst

I thought I told you not to come worrying me!

It's only natural for me to assert myself occasionally.

Maybe. But you need not choose such awkward times.

Is it MY fault that you would eat salt beef for dinner?

You are only making that an excuse for tormenting me.

Anyway, it's the sort of excuse you swallow quickly enough when you want to. However, you can get rid of me at a price.

And WHAT a price it is nowadays. Frankly, you're not worth it.

Never mind. You'll soon find that I shall grow on you.

Oh, dry up! I've done that already. Then be hanged to you!

Fine! A "drop" is just the thing for me. Come on, Comrade Plush; step on it.

Twilight Reverie

I suppose the reason why so many film stars are determined blondes is their burning desire to be fair to their public.

Personalities

No. 1:—JACK WARNER.

Although he acts the Chump of Chumps,

Our Warner is the Jack of Trumps. And makes us laugh till we "fall ill," When telling us of some rill mill, Or asking us to "moind moi boike." (Be careful, for the lurve of Moike). In fact, Jack is—I'll lay you odds—The La-de-Darling of the Gods.

Small Ad. Corner

Having no further use for same, advertiser wishes to dispose of puny and ailing youngster born January, 1940. Last survivor of large and unduly optimistic family, youngster in question would undoubtedly thrive and improve in strength if adopted by some strong-minded gentleman with a will of his own.

Well-meaning infant aforesaid answers to name of GOOD RESOLUTION.

All enquiries, which must be accompanied by Postal Order for 14s. 3d. to cover corkage, should be addressed to OLIVER PLUSH, "Watopes," Weakling, Missing-Lines.

Even Hiking is Verboten

THIS week's news from Inside Germany shows that the first breath of Spring has brought no lightening of heart to the German people after their worst winter for fifty years. Civilian depression is only illuminated by the penetrating rays of the Spring sunshine.

Germany's business men still try to be optimistic when they are talking to visiting neutral buyers.

"The Fuehrer knows what he is doing," a manufacturer will say. "We could keep this war going for seven years without a murmur. France and Britain haven't a chance."

And he will look around him anxiously to see who has been listening.

The Gestapo's ears are everywhere; even the walls of his office may contain a Gestapo dictaphone. And he is talking to that listening ear. Yet he deceives nobody in Germany.

Everybody is in sympathy with him. Everybody knows that there have been at least 51 executions in Germany for "war crimes against the State." There was an official statement to that effect.

But deep down Germans are feeling sore about the growing division in labour. A new aristocracy is being born, and the workers are resentful.

Kiel shipyard workers and craftsmen of Essen, Jena and Baden working on guns, optical glass and explosives are deliberately "kept sweet." They receive nearly double the wages of other workers, have first call on fresh meats, butter rations and vegetables.

Grumbling, the element the Nazi Party fears most, increases daily, and stringent measures are taken to stop it. The *Prussische Zeitung*, fanatical Nazi newspaper, thundered in a recent editorial:

"We are tired of people writing asking why so-and-so is not in the newspapers. Who sends us such letters is suspect from the beginning. He has not the discipline required of every good German." Thus an editor to his readers. . . .

Meanwhile, it has been officially stated, "all adverse comment on domestic conditions found in 'family correspondence' to neutral countries will be visited on the senders with utmost rigour."

SPRING, to the Germans, means that "total war" promised by Hitler, dread by the nation. And all the worst efforts of the Goebbels propaganda machine cannot discount the effect of those night visits to Germany by R.A.F. bombers.

They mean terrible retribution if Hitler starts casting bombs about Allied countries. And life is getting harder.

For the first time Easter excursions to the country, lakes and seaside were forbidden by State order. The railways could not stand extra traffic strains.

After seven years of ferocious Nazi concentration on military roads and diversion of steel to armaments, railway rolling stocks and permanent ways are in a frightful state of disrepair.

Since the beginning of the year all railway timetables have been abandoned. All travellers must make specific enquiries at stations about train times. Even medium-distance expresses are anything from two to five hours late; long-distance anything up to eight hours late.

Even excursions on foot, the hiking parties beloved of the Germans, are now verboten. There are too many "closed areas" in the country, and even bicycling can come within the category of "joy-riding," a Nazi social crime.

"Use your bicycle only to travel to and from work," runs an editorial notice in a Rhineland newspaper. "The rubber for your tyres comes from abroad. Every tyre you wear out takes something from our war reserves. You will not be able to buy 'Buna' (synthetic rubber substitute). It is required for military purposes."

NATION-WIDE grumbling now quietly greets any mention of Hitler's vast confidence trick over the so-called "People's Car."

Three years ago the Fuehrer promised every working man a car.

It was to cost about £32, including two years' free insurance and overhaul. It was to be paid for in advance by deduction of five marks a week pay from each man. The car would be delivered after making three years' payments.

In the days when liberty meant something, even to a German, hiking was among the country's most popular sports. Now it is forbidden; there are too many "closed areas" devoted to military purposes.



With a great flourish of trumpets, a £1,000,000 factory to make the cars was announced in 1938.

Models were on view at various exhibitions. But no German worker has yet driven a "People's Car."

The Government announced a month ago that production is "postponed indefinitely," and the money paid in instalments, amounting to millions of pounds, has been snatched by the State.

There was such widespread grumbling in industrial areas about this banditry that the works council at the great Leuna works (dyes and synthetic petrol) dared to hold a protest meeting.

"Strength through Joy" delegates who spoke at

"JOHN BULL'S" foreign experts, collecting material from neutral and secret sources, continue to describe the troubled daily life of the bewildered people

INSIDE GERMANY

the meeting were pushed into jail for suggesting there was anything questionable about the State's procedure regarding this phantom car.

Anyway, there is no petrol in the country for every man's car.

ALL German restaurants now post notices that customers must put down coupons for each meal before ordering.

Amount of coupons required is printed alongside each dish. Explanation is that no food margins are allowed in restaurants. The waiter must hand over the coupons before he can draw food from the kitchens.

Compulsory cooking classes, with their elaborate lessons laid down by the Party for thousands of Hitler maidens, have now been abandoned.

A State order, published five weeks ago, makes it quite legal for these girls to be called for service in armaments factories.

Frau Scholtz-Klink, Hitler's female "stooge," told all German women that any complaints about calling up would be treated as sabotage and carry appropriate penalties.

Yet German women have every reason to complain. The new soap ration is three ounces a month (average toilet soap tablet is four ounces). This must suffice for the family and for the household wash. Laundry prices are prohibitive except for the well-to-do.

Clothes must go dirty, or be cleaned with chemical substitutes for soap, which soon ruin fabric.

Wealthier people can get over the rationing.

Coal can still be bought without coupons at ten times the ruling price. Café meals can be "ransomed" at the same rate. An illicit coupon-less lunch in Berlin costs 30s.

FLUKE BAULKS REDS

IN this country the Communist Party's bitterest foe is the Labour Party, because only organised Labour can check the growth of Communism.

Yet the Labour Party, now rapidly approaching the crisis of its conflict with Communism, has itself to blame for the grave situation that has arisen.

By the Labour Party we mean T.U.C. chiefs, political leaders, union officials, and every man with a union card.

For years Communists have been working the "Trojan horse" trick within the Unions. Its success is based primarily on the failure of the average Trade Unionist to face his responsibilities as a Union member.

He does not attend branch meetings.

But the member who is also secretly a member of the Communist Party always attends. He would walk five miles through a snowstorm to do so.

Communists swing the tone of the meetings because they come prepared with a set plan of action.

Almost every week you can read resolutions passed by hundreds of trade union branches couched in similar terms and phrases to those printed next day in the

official journals of the Communist Party.

Even if the business before the meeting may be a subject affecting their particular trade, the Communists will relate it to political issues, especially to the doctrines of the Party.

Ask any trade unionist why he does not attend branch meetings.

"Oh, they do not talk about my job and what concerns me," he will say, "the meetings drift into politics. I'd rather have a couple of pints at the local and a game of darts."

He never wonders why branch meetings get out of hand.

Communist members run the branches because they attend all meetings in sufficient numbers.

The apathy of the average trade unionist makes it simple for disguised Communists to nominate a heavy proportion of their representatives to National Labour Conferences.

Despite the subject of the Conference—the attitude of Labour to War, to conditions in arms factories or to social service—the first batch of delegate nominations to the Conference secretary will contain the names of many Communists.

He may have to write to remind some branches to name delegates, but not those with a strong Communist element.

Only a few months ago the entire London district of a Union consisting of tens of thousands of members was almost captured by Communists. They had reached the position where they controlled the Organising Committee, and in the end had sacked the District Secretary and were disposing of the Executive.

They had arranged to use Union funds to print and distribute Red propaganda.

Only by a lucky fluke was the whole business stopped.

Afterwards Communist Party headquarters held a long enquiry, going step by step over the history of the "fraction's" effort to see where they had gone wrong.

A real Moscow trial!

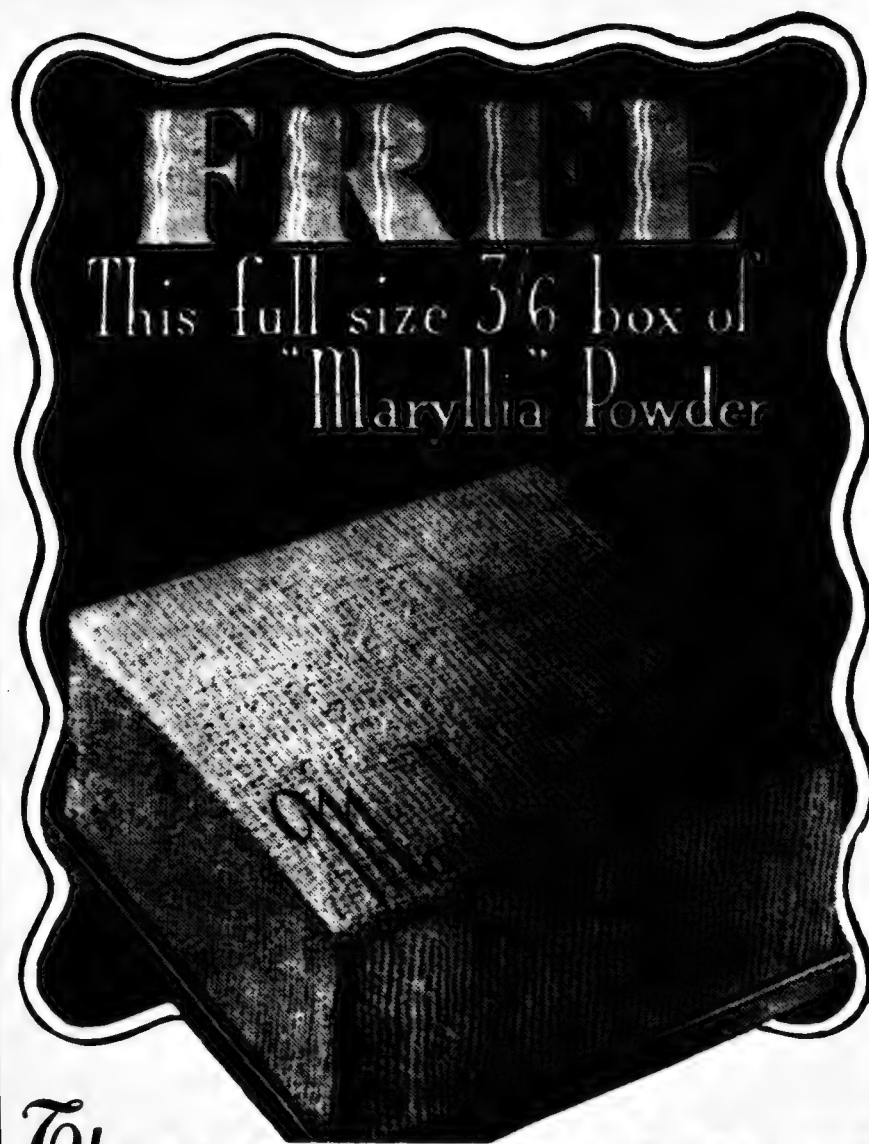
There should be a national Labour education campaign to remind every trade unionist of his paramount duty to attend his own meetings.

There should be a "purge" of Communist elements.

There is not a secretary or executive who does not know the history in his branch.

Never mind about actual proof.

There can never be actual proof because it is a cardinal injunction on all Reds to deny their membership of the Party. Put the onus of recantation on every suspect or kick him out!



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WOMAN'S FAIR, the Great Journal of Beauty, invites you to accept a full size 3s. 6d. box of Powder from a West End Beauty Salon—just exactly the same Maryllia Powder as the beauties of Mayfair buy for 3s. 6d.! And this thrilling Gift comes to you AT ONCE! NO WAITING! You just fill in the form below, and then you will be sent a Gift Voucher which enables you to qualify right away. But you must act QUICKLY!... The only way to make sure is to send NOW!

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There's no waiting! The Gift Voucher which enables you to secure it will be sent as soon as we receive your form. Then, all you have to do is to return the completed Voucher, together with sixpence, which includes cost of postage, packing, etc., and a token from the May issue of WOMAN'S FAIR—on sale Friday, April 12—(and we know you'll be as delighted with WOMAN'S FAIR itself! Just read below about some of the fascinating contents of the May issue of this smart and daringly provocative Magazine.) Remember—send nothing now except the address form below on which you must affix a halfpenny stamp. Post this form today in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp to WOMAN'S FAIR Powder Gift Dept. J.M., 68 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

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likes to look as thrilling as a

bride!

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We've so many thrilling things

for you in the May "WOMAN'S

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now—we'll have you to make it—

and wartime supplies are limited!

Out to-morrow, Friday, April 12.

J.M.

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Hannen Swaffer

SWITCHES FROM POLITICAL
BIG-WIGS TO A FIGHTING
CHIEF WHO MAY LOOM
LARGE IN THE NEWS

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM MITCHELL, Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East Command, R.A.F., is now his official description. But he is "Ginger," for short.

He is in command "Somewhere near the Mediterranean" of a flying force waiting to strike at any Nazi move Balkanwards.

Well, Ginger Mitchell's record would seem to make him an admirable man for the post.

He joined the Royal Flying Corps so early as 1913, being, indeed, one of the first Army officers to learn to fly.

His skill as a pilot earned him the D.S.O., the M.C., the A.F.C., and four mentions in dispatches in the last war.

He speaks some Turkish almost with delight.

Then he knows the Middle East reasonably well, for while, twelve years ago, he was given the Aden Command, he afterwards led the British Air Forces in Iraq.

Then, having been born in Australia, he is by birth one of the Anzacs, with whom he is now serving.

Although Ginger Mitchell is over fifty-one, he can say, as can scarcely a handful of men of his age, that he has been an airman for well over half his life.

Why, he takes me back almost to the days of poor old Cody, certainly to the days of Grahame White and Gustav Hamel.

The early pioneers were his heroes.

It is almost incredible, when I see in the air to-day scores of planes flying in mass formation, making W's and V's, flying like ducks in an angle, charging over me in some display at 400 miles an hour, to remember how, not very long before the 1914 war, I used to wait about for weeks to see an aeroplane fly a few feet.

RECALL the long hours of vigil at Blackpool, and Bournemouth, and Doncaster, and then the sight of one machine in the air.

Why, it seems almost like the Stone Age nowadays.

In Britain alone to-day there are 40,000 men drawn from every profession now guarding the country with balloon barrages from German air attack!

Ginger Mitchell was an officer in the Highland Light Infantry when, in May, 1913, he got a chance to go up in an aeroplane, and took it.

Eight months later, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, he joined the small and select number of daring airmen, the stories about whom will never die as long as there is a Royal Air Force.

This mere handful of men had one instructor at Aldershot, a man who once went into a beautiful nose dive, left half his machine—the tail—in a tree, but managed to clamber out of the wreckage.

A police-constable rushed up, note-book in hand.

"Look here, officer," said the

● He has been an airman for well over half his life. He is not afraid to tell the truth whatever the risk.



SIR 'GINGER'

instructor, wiping blood from his face, "If you — well want my number, it's up that—tree."

They had another instructor who stuttered. Every night at the end of instruction he would dive into a huge airship hangar, fly through it and out at the other end. Both doors, of course, were kept open.

One night he flew in at one end, but didn't reappear at the other. Instead, there was a terrific crash inside the hangar, the walls of which bulged and swayed under the strain.

The watching pupils closed their eyes—and perhaps even prayed.

No, the instructor wasn't dead! Miraculously, he staggered out of the shed and tottered up to the waiting pupils.

"L-l-look here, y-y-you f-f-fellows," he said, "it was a l-l-lousy trick shutting that b-b-b—door."

Although Mitchell is "Ginger," the nickname isn't merely a description of his hair. It's "Ginger for pluck," as everybody knows.

So it was that, just before Mitchell went to Cairo, two years ago, he found it his job to inspect at Hanworth a new machine, the behaviour of which in landing and taking off was a problem.

Mitchell did not behave as do some high officers—just stand on the aerodrome and watch someone else do the work.

"Let's have a look," he said.

SO saying, he got into the cockpit, took off, tried the machine, made a perfect landing, and said: "A decided improvement."

In those days he was in charge of personnel in this country.

Then, given the Middle East Command, he found himself boss of the air from the Mediterranean in the North to the Sudan and East Africa in the South, and from the borders of Italian Libya eastward, and westward as far as the frontiers of Syria and Saudi-Arabia.

In that part of the world little colonies of Britons lead isolated lives, with only the B.B.C. as their source of news.

So it is that R.A.F. machines sometimes drop bundles of newspapers, by "accident." It is

against the rules, of course, but accidents will happen, especially when airmen are about.

So, knowing this, one handful of lonely Britons quartered near the Egyptian frontier drew on the ground a huge chalk circle, an enticing target for stray airmen who might like a little bomb practice.

Now and then, by accident, of course, a bundle drops right in the circle.

GINGER MITCHELL, I am certain, is very angry if he hears that airmen have been so careless as to drop anything, there. But he would be even more angry if they missed the circle!

Mind you, Ginger Mitchell has rendered the country considerable service by his frankness.

Three years ago he dared to say in public: "It is undoubtedly true that the civilian pilot is better than the Service man."

A few months later, when lecturing to the Royal United Service Institution, he uttered another warning.

"We have inexperienced pilots turned out in ten months," he said, "and put into squadrons where they fly high speed machines. They are not really experienced in these fast machines. Experience only comes in time."

It needed courage to say that, for 1937 had been a terrible year for the R.A.F. so far as casualties were concerned.

Besides, in that same speech, Mitchell admitted that the supply of night-flying instruments had not kept pace with the demand, and added that the inexperience of pilots had restricted bad-weather training.

That was not the way to get promotion. But, in spite of it, Ginger Mitchell got it.

Mind you, he was not given his new position as a war time job. He got it in January, 1939, when appeasement was still the talk.

He soon made good with the Turks by addressing salutations to all and sundry in their own language. He had learned some from friends in Iraq.

Although war makes and breaks a lot of reputations, Mitchell's past seems to promise well for his future.

Argue It Out

by Pallas

Small Town "Breaks"

IT'S pleasant to leave London and return, for a while, to the small town where once you hoed an unimportant furrow in the soil of local life.

Pleasant, too, to tell stories of London life and to discuss in vague terms the virtue of living in the centre of things.

But, for breaks, give me, I sometimes think, the small town. And for happiness, for contentment.

As a newspaper man I voyaged through a small North Country town to Manchester.

The Lancashire centre seemed a big, bewildering city to me—at first. Then, after a few months, I realised that it was only a small town on a big scale.

I knew people in Manchester—aldermen, councillors, cotton men, theatre managers, merchants. The life of the city was compressed within a small area.

In the small town before I went to Manchester, I counted. I was on the local newspaper. Solicitors, local dignitaries smiled on me, courted me. I was someone worth while.

AT the theatre, the cinema, the dances, the dinners, I was welcomed with lavish hospitality.

I got breaks in that town. It was the same in Manchester. I knew hundreds of people. The parochial atmosphere was there. Around the Royal Exchange, radiating along Cross Street, Market Street, Corporation Street, were the streets that mattered.

When I came to London I knew that, at last, a city had swallowed me. I got a more important job—but, so far as London was concerned, I was nothing.

The number of my friends dwindled. London is too vast to encourage friendship. It is the heart of Empire, but a heart that throbs, remote, cold and unemotional.

I knew more newspaper men in Manchester than I know now in Fleet Street. I went to the homes of men whose names were household words in Manchester.

I was a part of the city, taking an interest in its pulsating life.

TEN years I have worked in London. Ten years I have seen the face of the West End change—and always I have realised how hostile and unapproachable is the heart of the City.

Not that I want to win its favours. I have seen too much of what happened to the men and women who thought they could storm that frigid citadel.

A tramp I met recently said to me: "People just ain't happy, mister, in the big city. And if they ain't happy they want to get back into a small town. That's where they gets the breaks."

London has its successes.

You hear about them. But you don't learn of the countless men and women who discover that London is heart-break house.

You don't find on the record the stories of those who have been up and down the ladder of London endeavour.

THE small town, especially in these days of effort and sacrifice, is Britain's salvation. There the people live without great discontent. There they save, tend their homes, look forward with some confidence to the coming years.

There they don't fuss or bother about what their job is going to bring. There they carry on, knowing everybody, known to all, unhampered and untrammelled by the social inhibitions and complexes which beset those who live in London.

They may think they are being stifled there, cut off from the main stream of events.

They may be, but they have the virtue of living in a little community of their own.

Would I, working in London, like to go back to one of the little places? No. But then, I was always a contrary sort of fellow.

THREE GROWN

Once they are in Britain sick and wounded soldiers are sent to civilian hospitals where there is no one to look after pay, allowances, kit and so on



Sick Soldiers—

Disquieting Disclosures

MOST people will be astonished to learn that the Army, to all intents, no longer controls its own sick in this country.

The few military hospitals in existence before the war remain in charge of the Royal Army Medical Corps, but most soldiers who fall ill are packed off to civilian hospitals.

So far as treatment goes there is no complaint. Where the scheme goes wrong is that the soldier is cut off from the Army organisation carefully devised to look after his pay, allowances, kit, and so on.

There is no one in the hospitals who knows anything about these matters, which are all-important in the existence of a soldier, whether he is in the fighting line or lying in bed.

Result is that chaos is as rampant as the flu was a few weeks ago, and many men are suffering considerable hardship when they are discharged from some hospitals.

They find that they are apparently "lost." Their units have moved, sometimes overseas; frequently no one can tell them where to report; they cannot draw any pay, and often their kit is missing.

In the last war, when all hospitals to which soldiers were sent were entirely under military control, none of these exasperating things happened.

The odd new arrangement is another of the armchair-and-desk fantasies which Whitehall bureaucrats delight to prepare and make look so nice on paper, like the utterly unworkable fish control scheme and many other fiascos that have fluttered out of the Food Ministry in particular.

Actually the sick soldier seems to have been drawn into the crazy whirlpool because the mass air raids expected when war broke out did not take place!

To prepare for heavy civilian casualties the Government set up the vast Emergency Hospitals Scheme.

HOSPITALS were taken over by the hundred, thousands of doctors were enlisted, and tens of thousands of new beds were installed.

Everything was ready, but fortunately the air raid casualties never came.

Doctors were left standing about with their hands in their pockets. The nice new beds stayed empty.

Then somebody in authority, faced with providing something to keep this medical service occupied, said, "Why not take over the Army's sick?"

Regional Medical Officers instructed hospitals in their areas to set aside an allotted number of beds. With no

further thought, and scarcely any consultation with Army officials, the scheme came into operation.

So far twenty convoys from the B.E.F. and thousands of sick and injured from training camps in Britain have passed through the emergency hospitals.

From the moment these men enter hospital they become civilians again to all intents and purposes.

At none of the hospitals is there any Army medical organisation.

WITH the exception of delivering the formal notice about a man's condition to the Military Records Office (and this is not always done) no further steps are taken.

JOHN BULL has investigated many instances of the muddle which has resulted.

Take the typical case of a soldier admitted to one of these emergency hospitals in the North. He was in the early stages of pneumonia.

His kit was dumped in a hospital storage room some distance away. His paybook and Army papers were sent to a records office, but no record was made about which records office it was.

When the man was pronounced fit again, there was nowhere that he could go.

His unit had gone overseas and even his regimental depot had moved to an unknown destination.

His kit, for which he was financially responsible, was scattered, and was recovered only in part after some days' search.

The question of sick leave arose, but nobody knew where his commanding officer could be found.

He had no money, and his paybook had vanished.

He was kept hanging about while hospital and Army authorities exchanged angry notes, and with matters still undecided he went home to live on the charity of relatives and still without formal leave from his C.O.

The same sort of thing has happened to scores of other men. But what is going to happen if battle casualties arrive in large numbers from the Western Front? The muddle will be appalling.

"John Bull" wants to know who is responsible for changing the Army's methods in dealing with its sick. This routine has taken generations to create, and it is of paramount importance.

Formerly in every Army hospital there was a proper staff, separate from the medical and nursing side, whose job it was to look after the soldier's interests.

It looked after his kit, arranged such matters as pay and sick leave, and kept him in touch with his unit.

That routine is essential to the efficiency of the Army as a fighting machine.

It is ridiculous that sick soldiers should be dumped into a civilian organisation and left to fend for themselves.

Another side of this confused splitting up of the treatment of sick soldiers is that the normal Army medical services have been starved.

For some months there has been a steady barrage of criticism about deficiencies in personnel and accommodation.

During the influenza epidemic something went wrong even with arrangements for sending men to the Emergency Scheme hospitals.

Soldiers were being treated in such makeshift buildings as schoolrooms. Some lay on stone floors with haversacks for pillows and were tended by untrained local volunteer nurses.

Army doctors were too overworked at their camps to do anything except make rare and brief visits to these men.

YET near at hand there were properly equipped hospitals with empty beds and the trained staffs were just twiddling their thumbs. It wasn't their fault, of course. The blame lay with the Health Minister's bureaucrats who could not look after their own army of muddlers, much less the country's army of soldiers.

Because of these monopolists the Army is being deprived of sufficient medical staff and accommodation. All available resources have been snapped up for their Emergency Hospitals Scheme.

In the ordinary way, except during

"John Bull" is our thing possible to We have no niggling criticism find serious believe that, ruthlessly, we are the Country's

the recent influenza epidemic, Army doctors at camps in this country are now little more than "temperature takers."

Outside the "Medicine and Duty" range all cases have to go into the civilian hospitals. The M.O. does practically no treatment himself.

"John Bull" has no criticism to make of the Government's Emergency Hospitals Scheme as an organisation for dealing with civilian casualties, except that perhaps events have proved it to be over-elaborate.

But it cannot justify its existence by commandeering medical duties that are the proper function of the Army.

The conflict that has arisen between the Army and civilian health authorities about the care of the Army's sick can result only in impairing the Nation's war efficiency, in muddle and waste of public money.

Full responsibility for the medical care of its men must be restored to the Army. It must be given the accommodation and personnel to do so.

In the ranks of those



You can't expect Mr. Ernest Brown to "look pleasant" nowadays. His Ministry of Labour has been beaten by the disgraceful tricks of artful war-dodgers

NG SCANDALS

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helping on
's effort.

Still too Soft with Aliens!

Sent here by the Gestapo at the beginning of the war as fake "refugees," they were welcomed by our authorities with open arms.

But they are rightly regarded as suspect by the real refugees. Only the British Government is fooled by the forged documents that "prove" them to be exiles from Nazi tyranny.

And for months they have been busily aiding that tyranny, sending our merchant seamen to death by using every possible means to discover secrets of our war effort.

Captain E. Altham, speaking for the Director of Naval Intelligence, has admitted the Admiralty's concern.

He pointed out the danger of having so many so-called refugees in the country. Although many of them were genuinely anti-Nazi, others were not so harmless.

It was impossible to guard the nation's secrets while such a state of affairs existed. This view is held by most officials, naval, military and police.

The first enemy alien "purge" began in October, when 112 one-man tribunals, under the jurisdiction of a county court judge, magistrate, or other legal authority, were established.

● Young Wilhelm Self is now behind barbed wire. Thousands of other enemy aliens should be there too

The tribunals placed those they examined in three categories: 569 were interned; 6,782 subject to special restrictions under which they must not travel more than five miles from their homes without a police permit or possess cameras and large-scale maps; 64,244 were neither interned nor subject to special restrictions.

Some of the one-man tribunals dealt severely with those examined. Other tribunals were too lenient.

Complaints were common that dangerous aliens were given freedom.

Some were let off on the evidence of well-meaning hosts, or of kindly disposed landladies who might themselves be suspect of putting financial interest before common sense.

In several instances, when the police and Intelligence Services



could not produce direct evidence that a suspect was pro-Nazi, they urged internment in vain.

Military authorities also came into conflict with the tribunals and the Home Office over enemy subjects who were not only given their freedom, but also allowed to live near Army camps and aerodromes.

LOOPHOLES in procedure led to several glaring instances of failure.

The Oxford student Wilhelm Self, who had been vouched for by an official of the Ministry of Supply, and placed in Category B, was afterwards convicted of filming a crashed R.A.F. machine. He is now interned.

The servant girl Hurta Weinfelona, who was sentenced for failing to notify a change of address, after being under police observation for only a fortnight, had mixed freely with R.A.F. officers.

This is the disquieting state of affairs that the twelve new regional tribunals are asked to remedy with powers enabling them to override decisions of the 112 one-man tribunals.

Yet their powers are no good unless they avoid the old blunders.

The assumption should not be "Innocent," but "Guilty," unless proved otherwise. And the sources of proof should rest on the alien, and not on the overworked police.

WITH these sterner principles, the new tribunals should consider again the 64,244 aliens freed from any special restrictions.

The Government ought to consider whether the new tribunals should not put some aliens in a safe custody that does not give the police the impossible task of keeping them "under observation" at the expense of ratepayers!

There is the Army's Pioneer Labour Corps, in which many male aliens are already serving. Another corps, suitable for women, could easily be devised.

No able-bodied alien who is really anti-Nazi should object to doing his bit to win the war against Hitler, for the same service pay that Britons are receiving.

By all means let's be fair to harmless enemy aliens—but first let's be fair to ourselves.

THOUGH the think-again tribunals for aliens have at last been appointed, the whole disgraceful business is still merely being scratched.

It will be weeks, probably months, before the bulk of these potential enemy agents and their go-as-you-please permits can be reviewed.

Meanwhile, spies haunt our docks. Much more drastic action should be taken at once.

Every alien should be cleared out from areas within 50 miles of any part of our coasts and from the vicinity of munition works.

Every one of them about whom the police have the slightest suspicion should be interned NOW. Plenty of time for the new tribunals to investigate their bona fides afterwards.

They are known to be dangerous. But they are allowed their liberty to stab us in the back.

owed to miss War service, are—

Legions of Artful Dodgers

IT takes courage for a man to be a real conscientious objector. But it's easy to become a war-dodger, a safe-job wangler, if he's willing to jettison his self-respect.

The schedule of Reserved Occupations is pitted with funk holes.

Butcher boys are trekking to Sheffield for jobs as steelworkers. Professional sportsmen find they are strangely suitable for posts as inspectors in arms factories.

Young clerks have forsaken the City for the docks; porters, changing barrow for brush, have escaped khaki by becoming aerodrome painters.

If a young man's relatives have money or influence, his path to dishonour is smoother still.

One man was a clerk until war's outbreak. Now he muddles a small farm, bought by his father.

Thanks to the influence of relatives, another youngster is now "agricultural clerk" to the local war agricultural committee, and therefore exempt from military service.

Many artful dodgers among the war-shy are the young men who wangle jobs in N.A.A.F.I.—Navy, Army and Air Force institutes—when their age groups are about to be called for military service.

Before crossing the Channel to help in the ever-expanding N.A.A.F.I. organisations, they must enlist nominally in the Army Service Corps, take military rank and wear uniform.

To all intents and purposes they appear to be soldiers, but they are con-

tent to remain in the safety of the canteens, waiting on older men who have had the courage to risk their lives in actual conflict.

These young dodgers must be routed out of their safe billets. Their lack of courage is a disgrace to the country's war effort.

Farm workers are disgusted at the shelter given by their industry to newcomers of military age.

And the whole public is incensed at the flabby treatment of men who pose as conscientious objectors to excuse their cowardice.

OF the 26,681 cases on the objectors' register, only 8,335 have been considered by the tribunals.

No fewer than 6,856 have been excused full military service!

Most of them have been ordered to take up work of military importance. But they are not compelled to do so.

Thousands of them are blithely carrying on at their old jobs.

The Ministry of Labour takes the fantastic view that the finding of nationally important work—such as forestry or farming—rests with the objector himself!

There is another scandal. It usually takes four to six months before an objector's case is heard by a tribunal; useful delay for the bogus "pacifist"!

Members of the Peace Pledge Union picket employment exchanges when the various age groups are called up for registration.

They distribute leaflets telling men how to dodge military service.

They organise instruction classes, so that young men who have suddenly

found a "conscience" are able to obtain material to support their case before a tribunal.

In London, mock tribunals are held. Advisory bureaux have been set up in every large town.

Refusal to register at all is being practised by many hundreds of unscrupulous moral weaklings.

Not one has been prosecuted!

The tribunals themselves need drastic overhaul. They need more judges who can separate the black sheep from the genuine objectors.

They should be staffed with fewer elderly idiots who are content to ask such questions as: "What would you do if someone assaulted your sister?"

No place should be given on their panels to bigots who suggest that all objectors are chicken-livered and worthy only of suicide.

GENUINE PACIFISTS ARE ENTITLED TO RESPECT. THEIR RIGHTS MUST BE UPHELD.

But the wrongs perpetrated in the name of "conscience" by shirkers must be ended.

Sir John Anderson should take action against societies that virtually urge young men to dodge military service.

DELAY in the tribunals' work must be reduced to a minimum.

Men who disobey their decisions, or who refuse even to register, must be jailed.

The slur cast on the nation by a minority of artful dodgers should be ended—if only in fairness to the millions of men who have sworn to defend the liberty of us all.

Will Scott's Short Story

THE Bygums AND THE Blimeys



The Bygums came from the North, the Blimeys from the South, and when North meets South . . . well, Mr. Match went back to the comforting vicinity of Bow Bells.

IF Mr. Match wasn't exactly a Cockney he was certainly the next best thing. You can't hear the sound of Bow Bells at Notting Hill on even the stillest night, but you can see the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow from the tallest buildings there. If you know just where to look.

And in a little street off Notting Hill Mr. Match was born, nearly fifty years ago. He was a Londoner, first, last and all the time.

That he lived in Ethelbert's Bay is beside any point you may be thinking of. Once a Londoner always a Londoner and nothing but. It might have been the North Pole or Easter Island. That it happened to be Ethelbert's Bay

was partly an accident and partly fresh air.

In any case, and on any day, for seven shillings return, he could be back in the only place that was a place, in his opinion, from eight-thirty in the morning until the last train pulled out at midnight.

It was so easy, and therefore so easily put off until to-morrow, that Mr. Match scarcely ever did it. You had only to mention London to him to get him talking London by the hour.

But when war broke out he realised, with a certain amount of surprise, that he'd been living in Ethelbert's Bay for nearly twenty years.

Not unhappily, mind. In fact, in a quiet way, having a high old time.

In a quiet way because he was a quiet stick.

In the summer time he did whatever you do by the seaside, except that he never did it in white shoes with a camera slung over his shoulder. That was to show you, in case you didn't know, that he was a resident.

In the winter-time his ways were even more set.

He would start the day with a crossword. Then for an hour he would attend to the affairs of his amateur dramatic society, writing reports and entering minutes and getting out notices and rehearsal calls.

He would then tap the barometer, look at the sky and (whatever barometer and sky might have to say) take his customary morning walk into the little town. He would look in at his club, call at the library, and be back for lunch at a quarter to one in his modest lodgings.

In the afternoon he would read and doze and potter about the garden. And in the evening . . .

WELL, in the evening you could set your clock by him.

At seven o'clock to the minute, rain or snow, gale or calm, he would push open the side door of the Oyster Inn, order a nice brown sherry, retire to his seat at the side of the fire, and wait. It was always the quiet time of the evening.

There was usually nobody there but Mr. Match.

At about half-past seven the door would open again and old Diver would come in, off the early train from town. There would be cheery greetings, much rubbing of hands and remarks about the cold, a bitter for old Diver, another nice brown sherry for Mr. Match, and the pair of them would settle down on either side of the roaring fire to await the rest.

J. J. would come in at any time, Miles Lee off the town 'bus at a quarter to, Smiler and Ben, off the second train from town, at ten minutes to.

Until eight o'clock they'd all talk together, everybody loud, nobody listening. And then out into the rain or snow, gale or calm—or whatever it might be—and along the hundred yards of empty promenade to the hall, where there was a rehearsal or a meeting or something or other nearly every night throughout the winter.

At nine o'clock there would be a ten

minutes' break and the lads would troop back into the Oyster Inn. After which Mr. Match, who had never been an acting member, would turn up his collar and go home. Except on the night of a show, half-past nine was late enough for him.

You might think it not much of a life, but Mr. Match had been heard to say—more than once—that it could go on till he was a hundred and ten and he'd be satisfied.

MR MATCH'S amateur dramatic society had come about, years before, in a rather casual way. If he had not been a stranger in a strange land, it might never have come about at all. Mr. Match, in those early days at Ethelbert's Bay, was a lonely man.

But, with the true Londoner's contempt for anything "foreign," he kept himself to himself. You weren't going to see him mixing with the locals.

Then one night in the Oyster Inn he met Ben, and Ben was from Shepherd's Bush. They picked up old Diver later, and he was from Primrose Hill. It became a kind of snowball, though it took a few years to roll to its maximum size.

There was J. J. from New Cross, Smiler from Wimbledon, their wives and daughters, and presently their friends—all true-blue, 100 per cent. Londoners, clinging together like the ivy on the old garden wall.

Nobody could ever remember who it was who first suggested they should do something, but the outcome was the amateur dramatic society, a small thing at first, which grew and grew and grew.

They made Mr. Match the secretary, because he was the only one on the male side who did not go up to London on business every day.

And thus year went on after year and Mr. Match was content to let them go on until he was a hundred and ten.

A DOLF HITLER will never know what he did to the lives of Mr. Match and the lads. Few other people will, because Mr. Match and the lads and their doings are not what you call history.

But the war, which for some people seemed never to get going, began right away in one corner of Ethelbert's Bay. A postcard told Mr. Match that Ben's Government department had packed him off to a Northern coast, another

(Continued on page 24)



Smile
please

A wonderful natural tonic is Guinness!

The very looks are cheerful.

The very taste is invigorating.

And, after you've finished your Guinness, how much better and brighter you feel! You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness.

Treat yourself to a Guinness a day.

G.L. 75

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

everyday is
SPRINGY
CLEANING DAY
for smiles



HALEX

the toothbrush with the

SPRINGY BRISTLES

Three shapes at a shilling. Others 6d. to 2/- All in the 'Streamline' case.



**"Chief defence
against an unlovely complexion
is daily care with Pond's Creams"**

says **LADY CAROLYN HOWARD**



Analysis of LADY CAROLYN HOWARD'S features

- (1) *Shape of Face:* Youthfully rounded with beautifully marked, tapering brows.
- (2) *Nose:* Small, straight, delicately formed, without a single trace of enlarged pores or blackheads.
- (3) *Mouth:* Finely shaped, with full sensitive lips. No lines at the corners.
- (4) *Eyes:* Large expressive, deep green in colour. No lines to mar the smooth perfection of the very white eyelids.
- (5) *Chin:* Softly curved with exquisitely smooth, creamy skin.
- (6) *Hair:* Thick, wavy, of a glorious dark auburn shade.

Lady Carolyn Howard's complexion has the creamy smoothness of alabaster, in dramatic contrast to the wonderful glowing auburn of her hair. Yet the only care she gives this unusually lovely complexion is a few minutes' daily "treatment" with Pond's Creams.

"I need nothing more," she says. "Pond's Creams do so much to keep skin smooth."

Pond's Creams can do as much for your complexion as they have for Lady Carolyn's! Their effect is truly marvelous. Big pores close up. Blackheads and blemishes vanish. Fresh, healthy colour replaces former sallowness and dullness. Shrunken under-tissues fill out so that ugly little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away. Almost from the very first, your

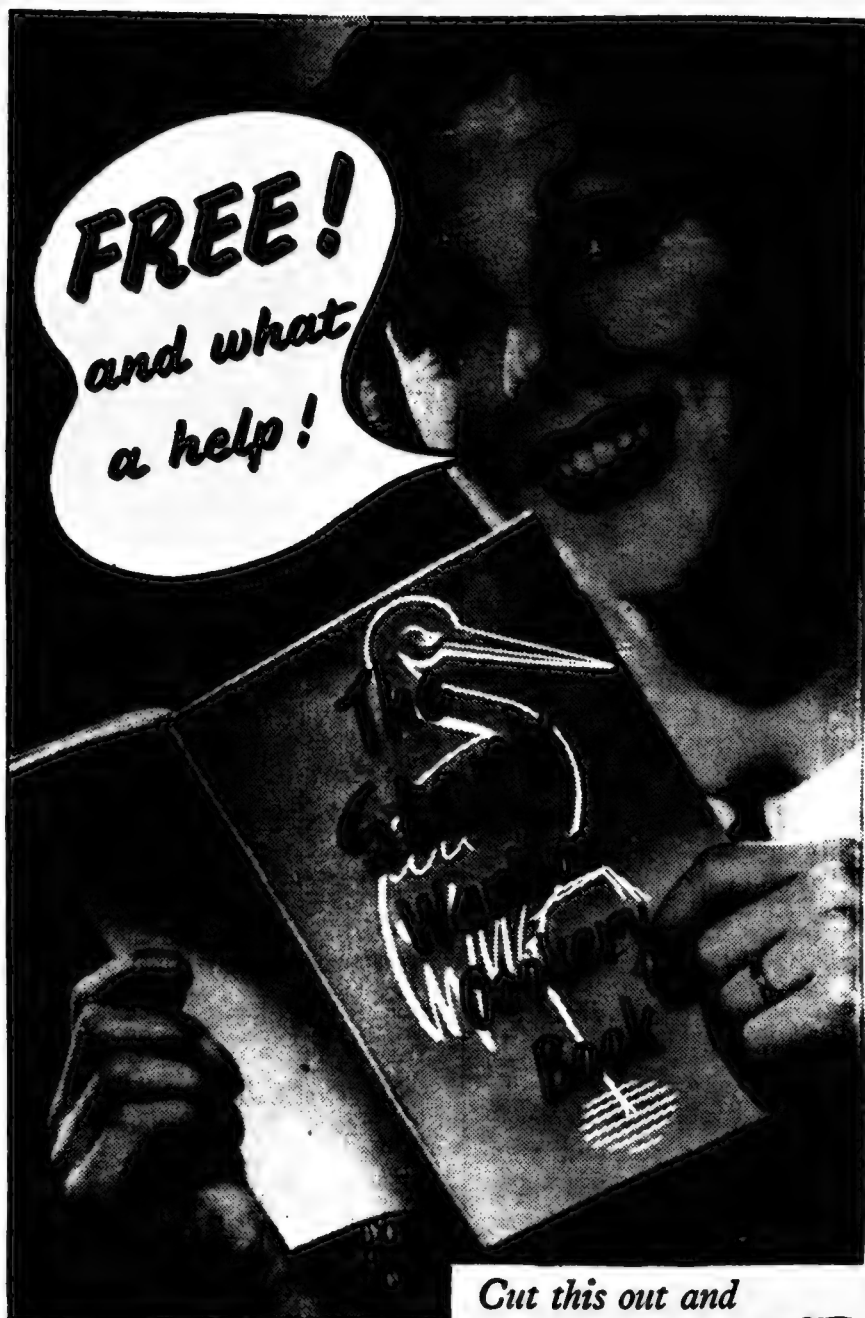
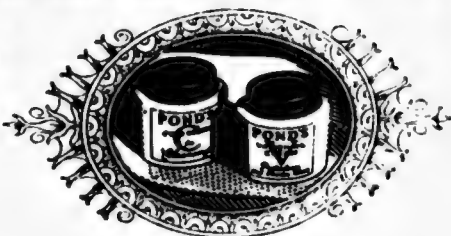
complexion takes on new smoothness, softness and a lovely look of youthfulness.

Try these creams yourself! Every night cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream and use it also as a skin-food. In the morning, before you make up, apply a fine film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will smooth and soften your skin marvellously, and make your powder cling for hours.

Pond's Creams are sold in tubes handy for travelling as well as in the usual jars. Ask for them today.



LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is one of the loveliest of the many young Society women engaged in war-work. She is an Auxiliary driver. Lady Carolyn is extremely enthusiastic about Pond's Creams. "I started using them long before the war," she says, "and was really amazed at their splendid effect on my skin. They have made it much softer and finer."



**The Stork
War-time Cookery Book
answers all your
present food problems**

DON'T worry about food rationing. After all, very few things are rationed, and you can still get all the nourishment you need — and all the interesting meals. The new Stork War-time Cookery Book will help you to choose interesting dishes, and Stork will make them taste delicious as well as making them nourishing. And, used for cooking as well as spreading, Stork will keep you supplied with the Sunshine Vitamins A and D. The Cookery Book is absolutely free, so fill in the coupon right away!

STORK MARGARINE

Wins your favour with its flavour

*Cut this out and
post today*

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "The Stork War-time Cookery Book," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

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Town.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company (Dept. W 207), Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed 1d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Important Announcement

In recent months the name of Stork has been on the lips of every housewife in the country. Its wonderful popularity has grown still wider; more and more Stork is wanted everywhere. To meet this enormous demand the manufacturers are working day and night without ceasing. Raw materials are controlled however, and in fairness to everybody all the Stork produced is being evenly distributed throughout the country.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

Points from the Directors' Report and the speech of

SIR EDGAR HOMER, Bart.

Chairman of the Company, at the 91st ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held at Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1, 4th April, 1940.

ASSETS AND INCOME.

The assets of the Company are now **£354,455,855**, of which over **93 per cent.** are invested in the United Kingdom and the Empire. The income during 1939 was **£56,254,060**.

ORDINARY BRANCH. The net new sums assured were **£27,130,000**. Thereversionary bonuses declared on participating policies in force at 31st December, 1939, are **£1.140 per cent.** for Whole Life Assurances, and **£1.10.0 per cent.** for Endowment Assurances.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

The premiums received were **£23,810,034**, being an increase of **£694,548**. The reversionary bonus is **£1.40 per cent.**

Since the initiation of the profit sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch, **£59,000,000** has been allotted for bonuses to policy-holders.

A further reduction in the Industrial Branch expense ratio. For 1939 the ratio was **22.46 per cent.** of the premiums received.

GENERAL BRANCH. The premiums received were **£2,620,959** arising from Fire, Sickness and Accident, Employers' Liability, Motor Insurance, etc.

APPROVED SOCIETIES.

The total amount expended on benefits was over **£4,500,000** including **£546,000** on dental benefit.

SERVICE and SECURITY

Continuing Will Scott's Bygums and Blimeys

that Smiler's department had packed him off to Woking.

Furniture vans seemed to be all over the town. Roots were coming up by the score.

A saddened Mr. Match crept on that first Monday night in September into the blacked-out Oyster Inn, to be joined presently by old Diver, off a much-behind-time so-called early train from town.

There was nobody else.

They sat, as they might have sat in the middle of ruins, and admitted that the old society was finished.

Mr. Match broke the news about Ben and Smiler.

Old Diver informed him that Miles Lee was back in the Air Force and somewhere up in the Midlands. He had heard that J. J. had been moved to Bristol.

"We shall be going ourselves, the wife and I, on Saturday," said old Diver. "Train service erratic and all that. Got to look after the business. I've taken a little flat in the City."

"I never thought," said Mr. Match, "that I'd be the sole survivor. Well... I shan't leave the town. Too many memories..."

Mr. Match and old Diver had their last nice brown sherry and bitter together in the Oyster Inn on the Friday night, and after that, for a long, long time, Mr. Match was the only customer in the private bar.

He would sit alone thinking of the old days, reading sometimes letters from a Northern coast, from Woking and the Midlands and Bristol, and a little flat in the City.

The sole survivor.

THE first Bygum attacked Mr. Match towards the end of October. It came into the private bar and sat down beside him without invitation. It said its firm, which was the London office of something in Manchester, had evacuated the whole staff to Ethelbert's Bay, to pave the way for the entire works later on.

"Not a bad little plaace," said the Bygum. "Nowt like Blackpool, of course. 'Appen yer know Blackpool? By gum!"

Mr. Match shook his head. The Bygum went on talking. It talked for an hour, mostly about Blackpool. Then Mr. Match went home. Early. Visibly shaken.

The next day there was a Bygum in the library and several were heard on the sea-front. There were two in the Oyster Inn that night.

Mr. Match was unhappy. For one night he transferred his affections to the Mermaid Inn, but there were more Bygums there than in the Oyster. They sang George Formby's songs at the tops of their voices, and talked about t'cotton trasaade and t'Tower at Blackpool.

"It is really dreadful," Mr. Match wrote to Ben one day. "I don't seem to have heard a good old Cockney voice for weeks. If this war goes on for a long time I have a fear they will settle in the town for ever and build a Tower."

"Apparently they could not be happy anywhere for long without a Tower. I call them all Bygums, but they don't know that. They will say 'By gum!'"

Mr. Match did not know that to the evacuees he and all like him were known as Blimeys and that in other letters going north the opinion was freely expressed that although this south country was all right to look at, with much better weather, admitted, the people were too stand-offish for anything.

"And ignorant. There isn't one in the lot has ever been to Manchester or seen Blackpool Tower. If you tell them about it all they say is 'Blimey! You wouldn't like them.'"

The troops came in January, thousands of them. And Mr. Match's lowered spirits went down a few more points. They filled the Oyster Inn and crowded him out of his corner. Also they sang George Formby's songs.

They were from Rochdale and Burnley and Preston and Wigan. They thought Ethelbert's Bay not much of a hole.

"Nowt like Blackpool! 'Appen yer know Blackpool? By gum!"

One evening there was luggage on the steps of his lodgings. His landlady explained that they belonged to the new lodger.

"I had to take in another," she said. "What with rising prices and everything. He's a very nice man. He's from Blackpool. His firm..."

Mr. Match plodded wearily upstairs. If only in all the world he had one real friend who spoke his language and thought his thoughts.

Half an hour later there was a knock on his door. He opened it nervously. A smiling man with a red face stood on the mat.

"Mr. Match?"

"Well?"

"I've just come oop to make myself known. Wilks is the naaname. I'm the new lodger."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Match coldly.

"Nice little town, this," said Mr. Wilks. "Of course, I'm from Blackpool, which is a bit different. Do you know Blackpool?"

"An't 'Tower!' mimicked Mr. Match, with a sneer.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilks, wondering.

"An't 'rock!' added Mr. Match with a snort.

"Pardon?" said Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Match slammed his door.

"Well, by gum!" said Mr. Wilks.

The next day there was another pile of luggage on the steps of Mr. Match's lodgings.

After breakfast it was gone.

So was Mr. Match.

Back to dear old London town.

WHAT I like about you Lancashire people," said the landlady, "is that you're all so cheerful." "Me?" said Mr. Wilks. "I'm not Lancashire."

"But the way you talk!"

"Oh, well, it's easy to pick up when you live there," said Mr. Wilks. "My people took me up there when I was ten. Business. But I was actually born in a little street off Cheapside, and all my family before me for generations. One of the oldest families in the City. Yes, a 100 per cent. Cockney. me, born within the sound of Bow Bells. And there aren't many now can say that."



HUMAN MACHINE—

Courage!

NEXT time you feel gloomy, dispirited and miserable, certain that complete disaster is waiting for you around the corner, ask yourself one question before you indulge any further in an orgy of self-pity.

Ask yourself whether you are really so up against it that there is no way out.

Maybe, you are only grumbling about things, and you'll probably be shocked at the immediate answer that will spring to your mind!

Gloom is the punishment life inflicts on those refusing to look it in the face.

And it's a just punishment.

Life is so many-sided that it is nonsense to give in just because one way seems blocked, or a difficulty seems insurmountable.

There are few people in the world confronted by circumstances that leave them without the slightest chance of finding a way out.

In nine cases out of ten, the first person who comes along can show them that it's their thinking that's wrong, not their luck or their circumstances, not life or anything else.

Let's be honest with ourselves.

Let's face the fact that lots of the things oppressing us are due to our own mistakes, to our own lack of forethought, to our own slackness.

If we admit that, we've gone a long way towards putting things right.

Having gone so far, let's face up to the trouble and start thinking of ways and means of getting round it.

Gloom and depression are often only the result of failure to pin down the trouble to one particular thing.

3-Minute Mystery

Empty House Riddle

IF you ask me, Basilhoff and Rumara are most likely to have planned the attack on Sir John and the theft of his dispatch-case," said Captain Connolly to Lieutenant Smythe. "But I can't understand why Sir John went into that house!"

"It's been empty now for three years. Anyway, it'll be a long time before we get Sir John's story. The doctors say he'll never really recover from that beating. We'd better hear what Basilhoff and Rumara have to say. They're trying to put the blame on this fellow Bennett."

Connolly faced a tall, swarthy man.

"Now, Mr. Basilhoff, you say that you saw Bennett at the scene of the crime?"

"I saw Bennett jump out of a window of the house in which Sir John was robbed and run along the road."

"You're sure it was Bennett?"

"I'd know him anywhere. He almost bumped into me, and his face was within six inches of mine!"

"And what about you, Mr. Rumara?"

"I was on my way to post a letter," said the other foreigner. "When I was in front of the house I saw a man pulling the blinds aside. He opened the window. He had the light on, and I decided to remind him of the black-out, but he

jumped out and ran down towards the gate."

"How did you know it was Bennett?"

"Because the light shone full on his face!"

"What's the answer, Bennett?" Connolly demanded, turning to the third man, who had kept silent only because Lieutenant Smythe had been restraining him.

"It's all lies. I wasn't anywhere near the place. Basilhoff and Rumara are trying to 'frame' me!"

"I believe they are!" said Connolly.

WHY DID HE ORDER THE ARREST OF BASILHOFF AND RUMARA?

(See page 34.)



of all the polishes that he had ever polished with, he had never polished with a polish that polished as perfectly as Cherry Blossom Polish polished.....

In Black, Tonette, Dark Tan Stain, etc. Tins 1½d, 2½d, 4½d, & 6d,
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/QK/1

Change your brand and count your change



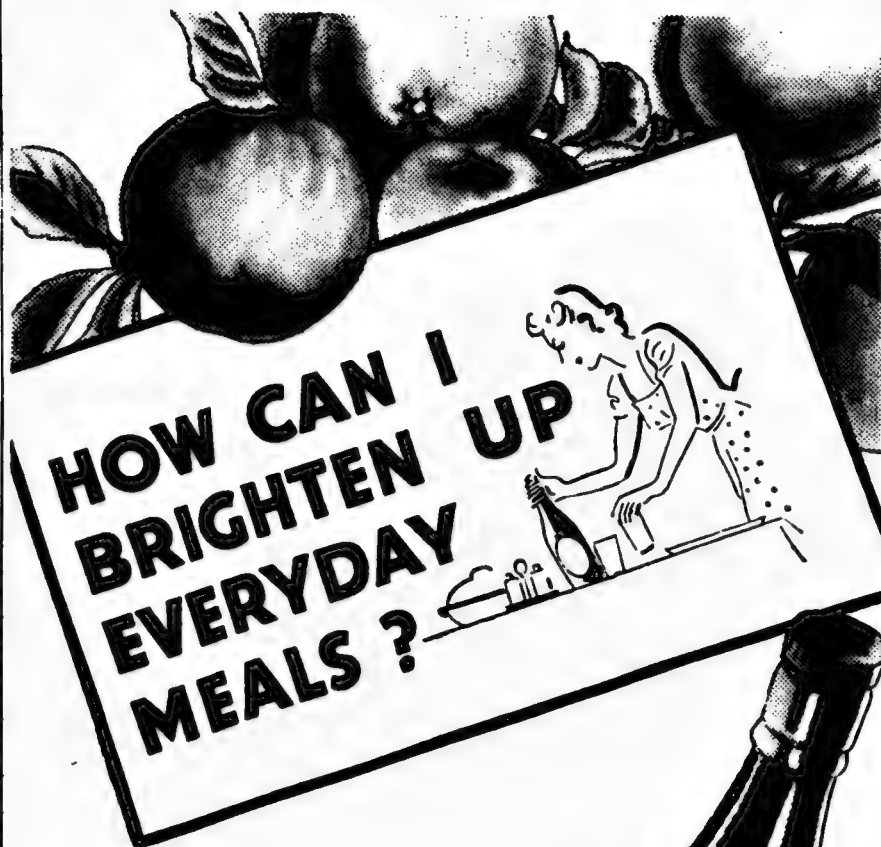
SMOKE

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

20 for 1/0½d

Prices in 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F. — 10 for frs. 1.90 — 20 for frs. 3.75



A FLAGON of Bulmer's on the table turns every meal into a banquet. For Bulmer's is the real country cider matured like wine, made from apples that have slowly ripened in the golden sunshine of the heart of England. Serve Bulmer's 'Dry' Cider and make every meal a sparkling success.

Ask for

Bulmer's Cider

THE
A B C
OF HEALTH

11½

A FLAGON
(In England &
Wales only. 1½l
in Scotland)

H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., HEREFORD. The Largest Cider Makers in the World.

repls 42

Humanist Wants to Help You, Too!

She wants to Run Away...

"THERE is still a glimmer of hope inside me that somewhere in the world there is someone who can understand me," writes an eighteen-year-old girl, who in the utter misery of adolescence wants to run away and start life all over again.

She just can't see what there is in life to make it worth while.

"Any outsider might think I am to be envied," she says.

"I have never known what it is to be short of money. I have plenty of good food, a well-furnished home, and an excellent job with good wages.

"I have smart clothes.

"When it pleases me, I can beat most girls for looks. I have a good mother, and a stern but kind father.

"But I hate my job. I loathe, detest, and abhor it. Yet I cannot say anything about it. My father used influence to get it for me, and I am afraid of appearing ungrateful.

"The work is easy. I spend my time tapping typewriter keys mechanically, looking at the clock, and brooding about how much I hate my life, my work, my relatives and, most of all, myself.

"If it were not for my brother I should have killed myself long ago.

"My life is so utterly pointless.

"I work with sixty women. Some of them are elderly spinsters; the rest are gold-diggers and snobs appearing to have nothing to do in life but to buy clothes, furs, make-up, and cigarettes.

Week by week Humanist solves problems teasing the minds of "John Bull" readers. He will help you, too, if you are perplexed.

So write to him, outlining the cause of your worry and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. For each letter quoted on this page he pays a guinea.

"They have their young men and their cars, but their conversation never goes beyond fashions or week-end amusements.

"I am sick of being alone and sad. Sick of crying myself to sleep.

"I've destroyed all my diaries and letters.

"I want to do a job that is worth doing.

"More than anything else, I want to be able to forget my fears and recapture my faith in the world."

I HAVE written to assure the girl that I know only too well the pains and miseries of adolescence.

She was obviously feeling desperate when she wrote that letter, and I don't feel the slightest desire to dismiss her problem as trifling.

She is feeling the futility of her existence, and doesn't realise that running away would not solve the problem.

She cannot run away from her own shadow. She would still hate herself if she were in Monte Carlo or Hollywood. People commit suicide there as often as in the British Isles.

An imaginative young woman, compelled to spend her days in repetitive work, is bound to feel the pointlessness of it.

People with routine jobs should take up something creative in their spare time.

It may be a craft, such as wood-carving or pottery-making; it may be one of the arts—playing a musical instrument, writing plays or poems, painting landscapes, dancing, sculpture, fashion designing.

It may be public work.

BERNARD SHAW once said that we can afford to be robots for so many hours a day if we can be ourselves for the remaining hours.

To be ourselves, we must create the things we long to create, and express all that is best within us.

Letters have been reaching me lately from young men waiting their call to the Forces. In many instances they have had to leave their work, and are left with time to kill.



"I spend my time tapping typewriter keys mechanically, looking at the clock and brooding about how much I hate life"

go out with the engaged couple, it may cause jealousy.

"Personally, I think the girl likes to be seen with two decent fellows at once, but it may not end there."

The mother should advise her son to have a frank talk with the fiancé. There ought to be an understanding between them to prevent jealousy.

I don't think the boy should take the girl to dances without her natural partner, and I am surprised that he should be invited.

Triangles always end in trouble. Maybe he should invite another girl and make a foursome.

I wonder whether the mother will pass on this suggestion.

"I am of the unfortunate nineteen-to-twenty group," writes a young man, "and the war has put a stop to my career. Under normal conditions I should have taken up accountancy or the law, but my father refused to consider it when war started.

"I am now wondering what I shall do until I am due to begin training. My headmaster suggests that I sit again for the Higher School Certificate, which I already possess.

"Unless I return to school, I see ten months of unemployment ahead of me.

"I am prepared to undergo any training that would prove useful when I get my call, but would anything be gained?"

I don't think the young man need sit again for an examination that he has already passed, and I don't think he can prepare himself for army life in his civilian leisure.

But he might do something to prepare for the life he contemplates after the war.

It is possible to learn a good deal about accountancy, and the knowledge would be invaluable.

Anything is better than just killing time.

It would be better to study a foreign language, even though he never has occasion to use it.

I don't mean that the young man should bury himself in books. He ought to get about, mix with people, join in the social life about him, but he could spare two or three hours a day for keeping himself mentally fit.

A VERY different problem comes from a mother whose son has to live in lodgings to be near his work.

"The daughter of the house is a sweet girl of twenty-one," she writes, "and has recently become engaged. The fiancé goes to the house a good deal, and my son has spent many pleasant evenings with the couple.

"What strikes me as unusual is that the girl is always asking my son to take her to a skating-rink or a dance-hall. She does this even when her own young man is going with her.

"She also insists that unless my son accompanies them she will stay at home. This happens frequently.

"My son does not consider it right for him to encroach on their company, but the girl's attitude is embarrassing.

"Her parents treat my boy as one of the family, and he likes the girl. What ought he to do?"

"If I write to the girl's mother, she may be offended, and make my son find other lodgings. If he continues to

Nurse says

DeWitts
Pills
for



BACKACHE

"I was taken ill with a bad back. I could not stand up and was two days in bed. My sister persuaded me to try DeWitts Pills and I now feel better than I have been for a long time. I am working again and feel as good as ever. I recommend them to my patients."—Nurse A. A.

DeWitts Pills are quick in action. In 24 hours after taking the first dose you see results. Your kidneys are being helped to filter from the body the poisons and impurities that cause backache. With kidneys working properly the cause of your pain and weakness is cleared right out of your system. That, briefly, is how DeWitts Pills act.

DEWITT'S BRAND KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 5/- and 8/-.

To make this perfectly



Delicious FRUIT CAKE

8 oz. plain flour; 3 oz. margarine; 2 1/2 tablespoons syrup; 1 teaspoon Borwick's Baking Powder; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; pinch salt; 8 oz. mixed dried fruit; 1 egg; 1 egg milk.

Sift together flour, Borwick's, cinnamon and salt. Rub fat into flour. Dissolve the syrup in milk. Add beaten egg and mix to stiff dough. Add fruit. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

Saves Eggs Saves Fat

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

Look At Me NOW!

BUST . . . 33 inches

WAIST . . 22 inches

HIPS . . 34 inches

Read this letter:—"Some time ago I took SILF to reduce my weight and I was highly satisfied with the results. I thought you would be interested to know my weight now is 7 st. 4 lbs. and my measurements are:—Height 5' 6", Bust 33 inches, Waist 22 inches, Hips 34 inches. I wish SILF every success. Without drastic dieting, dangerous drug-taking or violent exercising, YOU can regain a slim, healthy figure. All you have to do is to take SILF brand, the now well-known and highly praised remedy for Obesity.

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 4/- and 8/- per box. (You save money by purchasing the larger 4/- and 8/- boxes by sending the name to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 411) 25, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Irish.) No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING IS A FINE STAND-BY . . . BUT

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING

No need to use sugar if you sprinkle each layer of bread lavishly with Sultanas. Bread and Butter Pudding with Sultanas gets new popularity.

with Sultanas
IT'S A STAR TURN!

★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

Men find you more alluring
when you

*never
have a shiny
nose*

Nothing spoils charm so quickly as a shiny nose. Yet men hate to see you constantly powdering. So what can a girl do? Use Snowfire Powder Cream of course! You can go all day or evening long without powdering once you have put on this fragrant powder-cream, sure that your skin is keeping its enchanting 'matt' bloom, sure that your charm is complete. And you can be certain that Snowfire Powder Cream won't clog your pores or spoil skin texture—its fineness sees to that. There are six alluring skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan.

SNOWFIRE
Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer

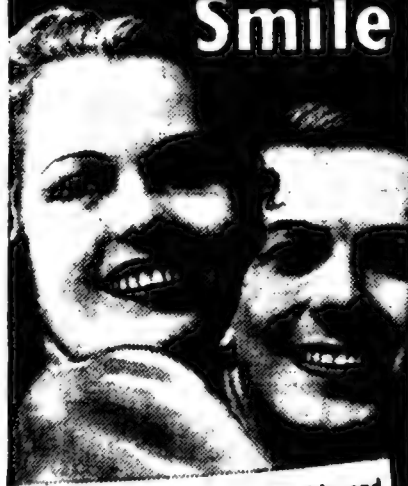


Jars
6d. & 1/3

Tubes 6d.

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*It's easy to tell
— an Odol
Smile*



There's no mistaking the sparkle and radiance of an Odol Smile. It's the reward of sound teeth well looked after—their health and beauty preserved as only Odol can preserve them. Let the Odol Smile be the order of the day—for you!

Odol Tooth-paste, in tubes, 6d. and 1/- from all chemists or stores.

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice. 6d. a large size tin.

**Keep the Winning
Odol
Smile!**



In consulting rooms all over the country, men and women are asking their doctors if there is any way to gain relief from common constipation. In the picture above, a doctor explains to a patient what causes this wretched complaint (see diagram right) and tells her why a food brings natural, normal "regularity."

A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

As any doctor will tell you, the real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk" in our food. You see, white bread, eggs, milk, and so on—the foods we depend on today—contain practically no bulk. They get almost completely digested into the system and the residue they leave is not bulky enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work and you get constipated.

You need "bulk"

Purgatives and drugs cannot give you permanent relief because they do not get at the cause of the trouble. Besides, they irritate the bowel and this irritation may lead to serious harm. That is why doctors today recom-

mend Kellogg's All-Bran, a natural bulk food. All-Bran provides a residue "bulky" enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of," thus bringing about a safe, normal movement. And All-Bran does more. It absorbs water and becomes soft like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently cleanses the intestines.

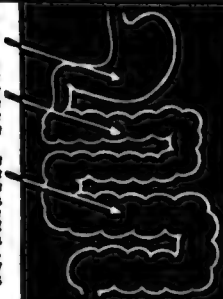
Find glorious new health

All-Bran is also rich in Vitamin B, which tones the intestinal tract, and in iron, which enriches the blood. Eat All-Bran every day and you'll forget what it is to be constipated. You'll be gloriously healthy, full of the joy of living. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran today, 7d.



Not a drug, not a medicine, this crisp, delicious breakfast food brings about a normal movement because it gives the bowel muscles the bulk they need to make them work. Eat All-Bran every day and never "miss a day."

1. Food enters the stomach ready for further digestion.
2. Digestive agents continue to act on the food all through the small bowel as the nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream.
3. The residue passes to the large intestine to be expelled. If it is not "bulky" enough the muscles have nothing to "take hold of" — constipation results. All-Bran gives the necessary bulk — brings about a natural movement.



A new woman!

"All through the early part of my life I struggled against constipation, which made me very nervy and depressed. Not long ago a friend told me about All-Bran. Now I eat it regularly for breakfast and am a new woman — no depression, no headaches, no wretched constipation any more." (Letter in our files.)



but **WRIGHT'S** can!

Now as in 1914 Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Services. The antiseptic lather of Wright's is a safeguard that you can give him.

Send him a box of

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
THE SAFE SOAP*

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves need Vitamin B... and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is pure 'LIVE' Yeast.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains 17 times more Vitamin B than 1/2-lb. of Beef Steak. Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast at once and you will be amazed at the improvement in your NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS.

Be sure to ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, the genuine pure 'LIVE' Yeast without drugs... It is perfectly safe for all ages and is not habit forming.

50 Tablets 1/3... Family Size (150) 3/-
From all Chemists... Ask for PHILLIPS
—the 'Live' Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is LIFE ITSELF!

12 Minutes of HATE!

THERE were eighteen of us aboard the 2,000 ton cargo boat, wallowing in the tide off the East Coast, held up by engine trouble. And not one of us ceased cursing while the anchor was down.

We made a perfect target for Nazi pirates, and as the order about merchantmen being equipped with guns had not been enforced we were entirely unarmed.

The skipper was below watching repairs in the engine room, and our first officer was on the bridge when a huge black four-engined bomber came swooping round us.

Thinking it was a friendly machine, the First flashed "Hello" on his signalling lamp.

Spotting the white-ringed swastikas on the fuselage as the bomber came over my head, I yelled, "Look out, sir, that's a Jerry."

Our First is a bit on the plump side, and I have never seen him move as fast as he did when he dropped flat on the bridge at my shout.

HIS signal apparently made the Nazi suspicious, because he circled round, took photographs, and then sheered off.

From that time on, all hands got down to work on the repairs: a vain effort to get under way again.

Late in the afternoon of the next day we were still in the same position, and I was down in the engine room with the skipper and another officer when one of the crew came running down.

"I've been wounded," he shouted. "Look at my neck!"

We had heard no unusual noise, and we refused to take the poor devil seriously until we went on deck and saw our visitor of the previous day coming at us again.

He was flying about sixty feet up, and swept the deck from forward to aft with machine-gun bullets, tracing a line of holes on the sides of the lifeboats.

This seems to be part of an organised method of attack.

Members of other crews who have been bombed tell the same tale.

Nazis try to put a line of bullet holes below the water-line of the lifeboats so that they cannot be launched. I suppose that helps little old Goebbels.

He can say that Nazi pilots don't fire on crews when they have taken to the boats!

ROUND came the machine again, dropping a salvo of bombs. There was machine gunning. This was repeated four times, while we lay flat behind any bit of cover we could find.

I was under a tarpaulin, although I don't know what shelter that would have been.

By this time the bridge, foremast, mainmast, and after-deck had disappeared, and the ship was settling fast by the head on the port side.

Incendiary bombs had started several fires, two boats had been completely destroyed, and our only hope was the after starboard boat.

The vessel made a perfect target for the Nazi bomber as it dived at us, raining bombs and machine-gun bullets

A seaman hero, John Patrick, of Bournemouth, sends this reader's war time story, for which he receives five guineas.

If you have a war time story as exciting as his, send it to "John Bull" with a stamped, addressed envelope. There may be five guineas for you.

One of the officers was locked in his cabin through the force of the explosions jamming his door.

While forcing his way out he was struck in the leg by a splinter of another bomb, but when he crawled on deck he was far more concerned about his door than about his wound.

WE rushed to the starboard boat and started lowering away, when back came the black devil and loosed off a 500-lb. aerial torpedo.

By comparison the previous bombs looked like eggs, and I don't mind admitting I was more scared than I have ever been before.

Virtually the whole of the port side of the ship was blown out, and the concussion made me as deaf as a post for hours. We hacked through the ropes holding the boat and dropped over the side, then scrambled into the boat the best way we could.

There was a heavy sea running, and at every minute we expected to be swamped.

When we were pulling away as hard as we could to get away from the suction of the sinking ship, the Nazi swooped around again and loosed off a burst of machine-gun fire.

"Nobody was hit, and we saw the pilot turn away and disappear into the clouds. Apparently he was satisfied with his heroic deed. Before he left, he flew over us once more and waved.

Race with "Silver Ring"

WE shall see most of our classic colts in action in the Greenham Stakes at Newbury this week-end, or in the Column Stakes or Craven Stakes at Newmarket next week.

I hope that we shall find a home-trained champion worthy of challenging M. Bous-sac's three-year-old crack French colt, Djebel, now in such grand shape that it won a race over ten furlongs at Long-champ recently in the easiest fashion.

There will be a high-class field of millers for the Newbury Spring Cup, and there are any number of early tips for the race, including Admiral's Walk, Fairstone, Zaimis, Colonel Payne, Halstead, Triguero and Boyd-Rochfort's charges, Ombro and Diadoque. The last two are tipped for the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park on April 27.

Boyd-Rochfort is going to have a successful season with his high-class four-year-olds. His stable's representatives may win both Newbury and Victoria Cups.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, April 11, to Wednesday, April 17. Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KZMRUJQ would read ALDWYCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PKZ293V would read VALLIP.

It did not take a lip-reading expert to tell what some of our men called him!

All this time a 250-ton Dutch boat had been standing by about a quarter of a mile away, and we rowed over to her and were taken aboard by the skipper.

"I guessed you fellows would need some assistance afterwards," he said.

He certainly showed some pluck in standing by for us.

It is by no means unknown for Nazi butchers to bomb neutral shipping!

Anyway, he took us back to Flushing, and I certainly hope he was well compensated for the hole we made in his food supplies.

From the time the first shot was fired by the bomber till we took to the lifeboat only twelve minutes elapsed, but to me it seemed twelve hours.

Every member of the crew lost all he had except what he was wearing.

There was no time to salvage anything, but we only suffered two casualties, so I suppose we were lucky.

Now that things are a bit different and all our boats carry something to hit back with, my earnest prayer is that that same bomber may be spared to come over my head just once more.

I have his name written on a beautifully polished shell, and it is not "Blue pencil."

"SHARPE" PRACTICE

THE heart of the elderly Brighton woman almost missed a beat as the well-dressed caller at her front door, explaining that he was a solicitor, said he had called with news of a legacy.

"Oh, come in," she said breathlessly. "We always knew something like this would happen. Life has been such a struggle—"

"And you've been near to missing the money," said the legal man, producing his card and then diving into a well-filled brief case. "We've had to search for you for weeks. I have to register the claim at Somerset House within three days, and there are fees to find."

At the mention of fees, the woman's face clouded. She had only a few shillings saved towards the rates. She might collect something from the neighbours.

Five minutes later, with a trembling hand, she gave him three pounds.

* * * Frederick Sharpe, alick Birmingham crook, has played this dastardly trick at South Weald, Chelmsford, London, Newark, Hastings, Leicester and scores of other places.

He has used such aliases as Gordon, Graham, Collyer, Robertson, Scott, Spencer, Clarke, Burke and Jones.

Policemen are making a country-wide search for him.

TAKE UP PELMANISM

for Courage and Confidence

PELMANISM is useful in all the affairs of life. That is its outstanding recommendation to those who wish to make the best of themselves in their occupations, in all their recreations, and in their social and cultural relations.

Every line written in the Pelman Course is directly applicable to some aspect of human life and conduct. The intention of every word in the Course is to make clear to men and women the means by which they can develop their powers to the fullest extent, so that they can live more happily and be more successful—so that, on the one hand, they will make and use occasions for profit and advantage and, on the other hand, be at ease in any company. Both conditions are necessary to complete self-respect and a full life.

Courage and Confidence

The Pelmanist is not left to make the applications himself. An experienced and sympathetic instructional staff shows him, in exact detail, how to apply the principles of Pelmanism to his own circumstances and aspirations. Thus every Pelman Course is an individual Course. Over and over again our correspondents say, in effect: "I feel that this Course was prepared for me, and me only." Substantially this is so, for the instructional notes and letters of advice are entirely personal to the individual; they are for him, and him only.

Remember this—everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind.

The present dominant aim for every man and woman must be to show a courageous, confident, well-equipped mental front. This assured, then all else will be achieved, and the world has no more proven method than Pelmanism to attain this end. Many of the greatest Leaders in varying spheres testify this.

"At Ease in the World."—Prof. James In this happy phrase "the world" means the place in which a man lives, the things he uses, the people he meets in his work and in his social activities. If a man, or a woman, is at ease in this world of his immediate surroundings and his existing acquaintances, he is likely to stand ready and confident in any circumstances, and be unabashed in any company. Pelmanism builds up the inner substance that makes men and women "at ease in the world."

HOW TO LEARN LANGUAGES

The Pelman Language Institute teaches French, German, Spanish and Italian. The Pelman method is explained in four little books, one for each language. Write for the book that interests you and it will be sent you by return, together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free. Specially reduced fees for members of His Majesty's Forces. Pelman Institute, 22, Langensbury Street, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

PELMANISM 1914 and 1940

DURING 1914-18, the Pelman Institute, in London and throughout the Empire, made a real and important contribution to the efficiency of the nation. The value of Pelmanism as a training in personal efficiency was freely acknowledged by leaders in the military and naval forces, as well as by those carrying out the highly responsible civil work which the exigencies of the time demanded. During the Great War no fewer than 160 Admirals and Generals studied the Pelman Course, and their example was followed by over forty thousand other officers and men throughout the Services. Good as Pelmanism was in 1914-18, it is very much better in 1940. Added knowledge and experience have made it so.

H.M. FORCES

All serving members are now entitled to receive the complete Pelman Course, with full tuition and guidance, at

One Half Usual Fee

Immediate application should be made for Special Enrolment Form (Services).

(Approved by War Office.)

The Pelman Course of Mind, Personality, and Body Control is a tonic from the start and gives lasting power. There is nothing so valuable for Police and Self-Confidence. Conscientious men and women, looking ahead towards national achievement—Peace and a Rebuilt Future—should send to-day for a free copy of "The Science of Success."

The revised Course is fully described in a book entitled *The Science of Success*. The Course is simple and interesting and takes up very little time; you can enrol on the most convenient terms. The book will be sent you, gratis and post free, on application to:—

Pelman Institute
(Established Over 40 Years),
22, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.1.

Readers who can call at the Pelman Institute will be welcomed. The Director of Instruction will be pleased to have a talk with them and no fee will be charged for his advice.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY

To the PELMAN INSTITUTE,
22, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.1.

Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of "THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS."

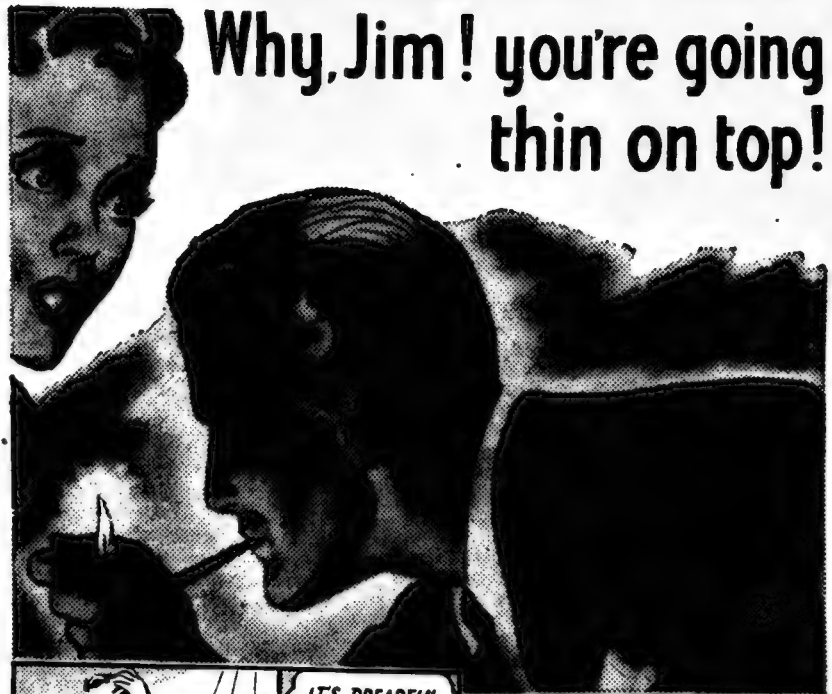
NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

All Correspondence is Confidential.

PELMAN (OVERSEAS) INSTITUTES:
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DELHI, 10, Alipore Road. CALCUTTA, 102,
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Why, Jim! you're going thin on top!



It has been discovered that there are fourteen separate and distinct organic elements in the natural food the hair must have for its healthy growth. These fourteen elements have actually been prepared and combined in Silvikrin in Nature's exact proportions. When the blood stream fails to feed these elements to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair and even baldness result, and the only thing to do is to use Silvikrin—because it supplies the missing elements necessary for healthy hair growth.

SILVIKRIN LOTION for slight dandruff, falling hair, lank hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the health and natural lustre of the hair. Price 1/6, 3/6, and 8/- per bottle.

PURE SILVIKRIN for severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches—threatened baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, sufficient for one month. From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin

Does grow hair—and kills dandruff

DO YOU MAKE THE DANDRUFF SIGN



Dandruff sufferers usually scratch their heads in public this way to prevent disarranging their hair. Dandruff shows on your head and clothes and is soon followed by dead, splitting, falling hair. Silvikrin removes dandruff and stops falling hair.

COLDS CHILLS 'FLU



FEVERISHNESS PAIN HEADACHES

RELIEF

FOR

2^D

Beechams Powders bring you smiling through winter's greatest menace! For 2d you can laugh at chills, stop a cold, shake off shivers and avert 'flu before it gets a hold! Pains and aches need not worry you either. For 2d brings you relief from Rheumatic twinges, Headaches, Sciatica or Lumbago attacks! Just

take a Beechams Powder! This amazing remedy is both QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in RESULTS—more easily assimilated owing to its special powder form. Yet Beechams Powders cost only 2d each. Get your supply TO-DAY!

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS



All your meat meals need a dash on
Now that rations are the fashion

SAYS *Martin O'Kay*
**MASON'S
OK
SAUCE**

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Aces of the Secret Service

THERE was jaunty spring in Frank Groundsell's step as he strode down the Alexanderplatz, in Berlin, in August, 1914. He had spent two years as leader of the *Kerkau Palast* Restaurant orchestra, slowly creating a reputation as "Mr. Masseltof from Chicago the World's Craziest Musical Conductor."

War had brought the danger of internment but as few Berliners knew of his English nationality, he had escaped arrest by going to the American Embassy, giving an address in Illinois and demanding an American passport.

As he rounded a corner he came face to face with an Englishman he had known as Donaldson. He had actually visited the central station to watch Donaldson being deported with other foreign journalists.

"What on earth are you doing in Berlin?" he demanded, gripping Donaldson by the arm. "Don't you know that if they catch you here after deporting you, they'll stick you up against a wall and shoot you as a spy?"

"Of course they will, old boy," came the unhurried answer. "But I don't propose to let the Boche catch me. I was just coming along to see you."

"The Powers-that-Be' have decided that an Englishman loose in Berlin is much more valuable to them than a thousand Tommies in the firing line, especially as that Englishman conducts the orchestra at the *Kerkau Palast*, where all the German officers go for their relaxation. See what I mean?"

"I think so," Groundsell replied slowly. "You mean you want me to act as a spy?"

"What about it?"

After a slight hesitation, Groundsell nodded his head, and thus became England's principal Resident Agent in Berlin.

Donaldson explained his duties.

"You're among the most popular figures in Berlin," he said.

"Mad" Conductor Bluffed Potsdam

By LOUIS C. MANSFIELD

"As the 'mad conductor' you can ask the officers almost any question you like without being suspected. Get friendly with as many of them as possible."

"Pump them for all you're worth. Question them about their armaments. Find out when they expect to go to the front, and what sector they're going to. Make a written report each day, and hand it to Aubrey Hersee, who will send it along to us."

WETHERBY will visit you once a month. He will be dressed as a German cavalry officer, and will be wearing the ribbon of the Iron Cross, First Class."

Groundsell became as successful as a spy as he was a band leader.

Hardly an officer visited the *Kerkau Palast* without being skillfully pumped, and British Military Intelligence officers in Holland added all he learned to their knowledge of German troop movements.

Even so, Groundsell did not consider his job "big enough," and eventually he decided to engage the band of the Second Prussian Lifeguards to play under him at the *Palast*.

This band was much in demand for troop concerts up the line, and when members were withdrawn for this purpose, Groundsell had no difficulty in finding out just what units they were to escort to the forward areas, what sector they were going to, and what units they were to play back again.

Also, the huge barracks of the Second Prussian Lifeguards was used as temporary quarters for most of the units passing through Berlin.

Groundsell's job of band leader permitted him to wander in and out of the barracks. It was not long before he knew nearly all there was to know about troop movements in and around the German capital.

MR. MASSELTOF from Chicago" first discovered the reason for Sir Roger Casement's visit to Berlin. Fifteen months later he laid the information that led to the traitor's arrest on the Irish coast.

His greatest "scoop" was discovering Bulgaria's intention to enter the war with Germany.

He noticed one of the patrons of the *Kerkau Palast*, the son of a munition maker, flinging money around in prodigal fashion.

The youth revealed that his father had that day received an order to



supply military equipment to the Bulgarian Government. The German War Office had instructed him to delay everything else until the order was completed.

THAT was enough for Groundsell. Within twenty-four hours Whitehall knew that it had another enemy.

Groundsell's job was not without danger.

There were adventures through which only the most daring man could come unscathed.

Once he had the audacity to climb to the top of a tall factory chimney to take photographs of munition factories, Zeppelin hangars and artillery parks surrounding Berlin.

On many occasions he came face to face with German artists whom he had met on the English variety stage.

It was only his cool nerve that carried him through.

One night he met a clerk of the German War Office in the *Bayrischerplatz* to buy by prearrangement a number of highly confidential documents.

After completing the deal, the clerk became alarmed and tried to snatch the papers back.

This led to a free fight. Groundsell and the clerk were arrested and marched off to the nearest police station.

Yet the spy managed to convince the inspector that the precious parcel held only manuscripts.

"This man agreed to sell me some of his compositions so that I could feature them at the *Kerkau Palast*," he said.

"After I paid him he demanded more money," he added.

"Is that true?" demanded the inspector. "Has Mr. Masseltof paid you for these songs?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then you've no right to ask for more. If you think you have you can sue him in the courts. Take your songs, Masseltof. And both of you go home peacefully. If you start fighting again I'll throw you both in jail."

That precious parcel contained details of a forthcoming German offensive and the drawings of a new aircraft.

● This film scene, reminiscent of how German officers spent their furlough during the last war, shows the atmosphere in which the "mad" conductor-spy worked.

Take the spa cure at home, and—



flush the kidneys dissolve uric acid cleanse the blood

with a daily glass of

FYNNON SALT

Fynnon Salt contains the mineral elements found in the waters of famous Spas.

Large tins 1/3. NEW TRIAL SIZE 6d.

How Do You Say it?

JOHAN BULL" has included a special section explaining how to pronounce difficult names of people and places in the news in its "Modern Standard Dictionary."

This dictionary, providing a fully comprehensive vocabulary of our language, is being made available to readers at a special low privilege price. Every applicant will also receive free a beautiful pocket-size diamond Dictionary. Turn to page 4 now.

COBRA is brighter quicker easier

COBRA WHITE FLOOR POLISH

And BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors. Furniture or Linoleum

COBRA WHITE WAX FLOOR POLISH

TIME 3:6 4 larger sizes

A close shave!

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET OR ONE PENNY EACH

Amazing New Kind Of Face Powder

gives marvellous Complexion Beauty

Ten times finer because made by a new 'air-floated' process. Practically invisible on the skin—Looks *natural*—no more made-up look. Stays on all day long—even when out in wind and rain. No shiny nose when dancing all evening in the hottest room—because blended by a patent process with 'Mousse of Cream.' Made in ten newest flattering Paris shades—creations of a French Beauty Specialist. All these amazing advantages are found *only* in **POUDRE TOKALON**. Try it to-day and see a fascinating, seductive, lovely *YOU* in your mirror.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 227), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

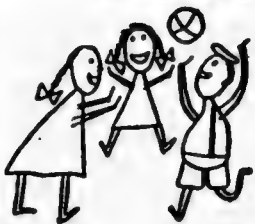
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

"Never ignore these germs—that's my advice; too many of them about. But there's safety in the antiseptic lather of Family Health Soap. We use it regularly"

says Mrs. Fitter



"Look at these children of mine"



1 Why must they play games in all the dirt and dust they can find. It's a wonder they don't pick up germs.

And I've no doubt they do but after playtime I always see that they have a thorough wash with Family Health Soap

2



3 Yes, Family Health Soap is splendid for getting rid of germs and keeping children healthy. My word have you ever seen such appetites.



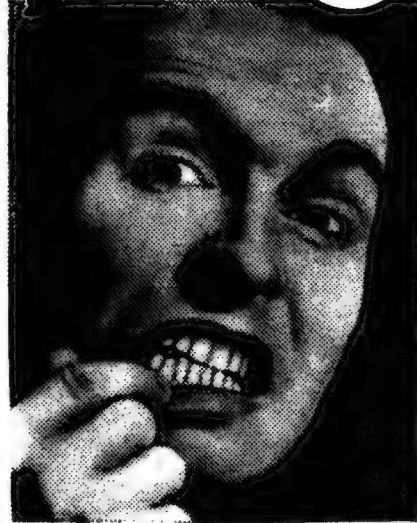
★ Everyone runs the risk of infection, for germs abound everywhere. Yet it's easy to take precaution. Simply use Family Health Soap regularly morning, noon, and night. Germs have little chance against the antiseptic lather of Family Health Soap.

THE FAMOUS HEALTH SOAP IN A NEW HYGIENIC WRAPPER STILL ONLY 3d

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

THERE'S

Blood.



THERE'S danger!

A trace of blood from your gums! It doesn't look dangerous, but it shows the presence of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis)—diseases which may result in the extraction of absolutely strong, white teeth. Don't let this happen to you! Gum diseases can be prevented and cured. But you must act at once! Use Gibbs S.R. toothpaste. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use in their surgeries for treating these gum diseases. Use it twice daily; it will keep your gums healthy and free from disease, and therefore save your teeth and keep them sparkling white.

GIBBS

S.R. TOOTH PASTE

—saves your teeth because it's good for your gums.



1/3 and 6d

D & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON

OR 60-759-60

Take

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

for all SKIN TROUBLES

THE New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST-SELLING PIPE MIXTURE

AFRIKANDER

ALSO NAVY MILD, FLAKE, SHAG

11d AN OZ.

IN FRANCE 11d AN OZ. 3 PER OZ. TIN AT ALL WAREHOUSE CANTERS

The shilling tobacco with a penny change

"— AND TO THINK, TEETWOOD, IF THAT HITLER CHAP HADN'T STARTED THIS STATE OF EMERGENCY I MIGHT NEVER HAVE TRIED AFRIKANDER"



**IRIUM GIVES
THE ALL CLEAR
TO DULL TEETH!**



SIXPENCE
SAYS...
and sixpence
buys it!



**GET A 6d
PEPSODENT**
THE IRIUM TOOTH PASTE
AND TOOTH POWDER

There are millions more people with sparkling smiles and thoroughly clean teeth now Irium in Pepsodent has come on the scene. Irium (this newly discovered cleansing miracle) dissolves surface stains and hidden particles leaving your teeth brighter and fresher-feeling than ever before.

Get the extra value of IRIUM with Pepsodent

- still only 6d!

**STOP
PAINFUL
WIND!**



THE QUICKEST WAY

to remove the cause of the trouble—excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

ECONOMY SIZES 1/3 & 2/6
(POWDER OR TABLETS)

Pools Notes by 'Poolex'

CONTINUING my "Form and Reliability" analysis for pool punters. I give the records of teams in Western, North-Western and two Scottish regional competitions.

Details of other leagues were published last week.

The analysis is prepared by comparing results in recent weeks with predictions of experts.

These symbols are used:—

D indicates a team that will usually produce the result predicted by the experts (a dependable team).

B indicates a team playing better than generally expected.

W indicates a team playing worse than expected.

E indicates an erratic team; avoid where possible.

Home and away form is shown separately. There are a few blanks where there is no recent form on which to base opinion.

Western.	H. A.	North-Western.	H. A.
Chester ..	E D	Accrington	B D
Crewe	E D	Barrow ..	W D
Everton ..	W W	Blackburn	W W
Liverpool ..	W B	Blackpool	D B
Manch. C. ..	W D	Bolton ..	D D
Manch. U. ..	D B	Burnley ..	E B
N. Brighton	B B	Bury	D E
Port Vale ..	D B	Carlisle ..	E D
Stockport ..	D D	Oldham ..	D E
Stoke	D W	Prest'n N.E.	D E
Tranmere ..	W D	Rochdale ..	W E
Wrexham ..	B D	Southport ..	E D

Scottish East.	Scottish West.
Aberdeen ..	Airdrie ..
Alloa	Albion R. ..
Arbroath ..	Ayr
Dundee	Celtic
Dundee U. ..	Clyde
Dunf'mline	Dumbarton
East Fife ..	Hamilton ..
Falkirk	Kilmarn'ck
Hearts	Morton
Hibernian ..	Motherwell
King's Park	Partick
Raith R.	Queen of S. ..
St. Bernard's	Queen's P'k ..
St. J'st'ne ..	Rangers
Sten'muir ..	St. Mirren ..
	Third Lan'k

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

I AM a self-appointed scrap-collector. First I deliver small wooden boxes to my neighbours, and ask them to throw in their bits of scrap-iron, nails, lead and brasses.

I call for the boxes at weekly intervals, tipping the collection into a hand-cart. My average weekly collection is about half a hundredweight of scrap-metal, which I give to the Government.

Think of the material thousands of such voluntary collectors could produce in the way of scrap-metal in all parts of the country. I've found that the personal touch brings results.

Despite my disability, deafness, I feel I am doing my bit for the country.—*Scrap-Collector, Chatsworth Road, Rainhill, Lancashire.*

Readers write to "John Bull" every day asking how best they can help the country on to victory. Here is one way, and it is open to everybody.

Salesman-Diplomat

DURING fifteen years as a commercial traveller I've met skilled salesmen whose personality and persuasive powers have resulted in big business.

If we selected the six finest salesmen in Great Britain we would have a team of the world's greatest diplomats.

Ribbentrop is only one example of the salesman turned diplomat. Those contending that he is not a great diplomat have no proof that he was a great salesman.

He has certainly shown trained diplomats a thing or two.—*J. Turvey, Hale Crescent, Farnham, Surrey.*

Sheltering Children

THE recent suggestion over the radio that, in the event of air raids, children should take cover in houses near the schools, was adopted several months ago in Denbighshire.

As warden I ensured that each child

went to the right house by having the name and address of the householder responsible printed plainly and placed in the children's gas-mask cases.—*W. P. Roberts, East Parade, Colwyn Bay.*

Free for All

I AM employed by a large firm carrying out contracts for all three Fighting Services, as well as home defence. All workmen have access to order forms setting out in detail what our products are wanted for, and when they will be delivered. Even the camp stations are mentioned.

Is it right that such information should be available to anyone who cares to read it?—*T. W., Yorkshire.*

"John Bull" publishes this letter as one of many revealing a serious leakage of information that might assist the enemy.

That's His Trouble

I AM grateful to you for defending the harassed tradesman.

Shopkeepers are a sorely abused class these days.

Customers make requests for extra commodities to which they are not entitled, and bully the shopkeeper when he refuses to break the food-control laws. They forget we are at war.—*M. Merrilees, Viewmount Drive, Maryhill, Glasgow.*

A little effort made to understand the other fellow's point of view will go a long way toward victory.

Stuffy Black-Out

BECAUSE ventilators in many factories and public buildings have been covered over to comply with the black-out regulations, many people are suffering in health through having to work in stuffy atmosphere.

Cannot a method of ventilation be adopted to meet the black-out regulations?—*E. Lake, North Walsham Road, Old Catton, Norwich.*

The owner of a building may seek direction for ventilating his premises from the Factories Department, Home Office, Whitehall.

Butcher-Farmer

I HAVE heard of a farmer who is also a butcher. As a farmer he must sell his meat to the Government at 3d. per pound. As a butcher he must buy his meat from the Government at 9d. per pound.

Where does the difference of 6d. per pound go to?—*A. Macphail, Bank Street, Greenock.*

The prices paid to the farmer for meat vary according to grade. A farmer usually gets a better price for his meat than a retail butcher pays for it. There would be an appreciable difference in the price of buying and selling to cover the expenses of control and handling.

This is YOUR PAGE—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In Your Garden

by Richard Sudell

Giving 'em Beans

WITHOUT being too optimistic, we can now hope that the more severe Spring frosts have done their worst, and sow the more tender vegetables, either in the garden where they are to mature or in a cold-frame to be transplanted later.

Beetroot is sown in rows twelve inches apart, and the seedlings are thinned out to nine inches when large enough to handle. Buy Empire Globe and Dell's Crimson for roots of good colour.

French beans are sown eighteen inches apart in the rows, to be thinned out to twelve inches. Try Golden Wonder for tender pods and fine flavour.

One or two rows of runner beans are sufficient.

Set seeds in a double row eight inches each way.

Vegetable marrows can be sown in the open. Make a slight depression in the mound of rich soil or manure in which they are grown, and cover the seeds with a sheet of glass until they are a few inches high.

They must be protected from late

frosts. Use the bush type if space is limited.

Seeds that may be sown in a cold-frame (or under cloches), to be transplanted, are ridge cucumbers, sweet corn, egg plant, gourds, pumpkins and marrows.

They should be sown singly in small pots, so that they are easily transplanted later where they are to mature.

Outdoor cucumbers are more easily grown than is generally supposed. They need a ridge of rich well-manured soil and plenty of water at all times.

There is no reason why sweet corn, a valuable food crop that has been popular in the United States for many years, should not be grown more extensively in this country.

Ask for Golden Bantam.

The plants bear male and female flowers separately, and to ensure cross-pollination it is better to set the plant out in square formation rather than in rows.

Fifteen inches each way is a suitable distance.

If frosts threaten between now and the middle of May, tender crops appearing above the soil should be protected either by drawing soil over the seedlings or by cloches

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER
With Its Most Glorious Perfume

Every girl who is doing National Service and will be in the open must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN TUBES 6^d & 9^d

IN POTS 1/- & 2/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
40, Bavaria Road, London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.



RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY
AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

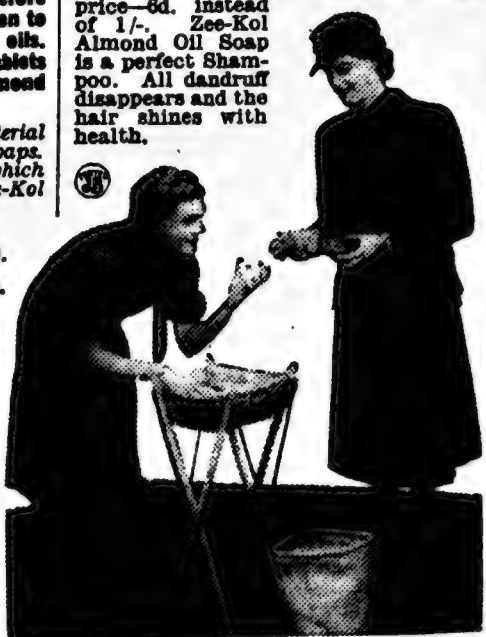
PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6^d
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Bavaria Road, London, N.19

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weather. ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

After a Winter like that

you need a Tonic like this!



You need a reliable tonic, and IRON 'JELLOIDS' have been recommended by doctors as a reliable tonic for over forty years past. And you must have an iron tonic, for iron is necessary to restore the vigour of your blood and to re-energise your bodily functions.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' contains blood-restoring, energising iron in a form in which, because of an exclusive protective process, it is ever-fresh and readily assimilated. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are convenient and easy-to-take; they cannot injure the teeth and they improve the digestion.

Iron is not so much a medicine as an essential constituent of your body! If you had no iron in your system you would die; if you have insufficient iron, if you are iron-starved, you are bound to be anaemic, debilitated, depressed and "under the weather."

Build up your iron-strength now — start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal! You will be surprised how soon you will begin to feel better in every way, every day.

Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS'. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size, 36 days — only a penny a day! Of all chemists & stores.

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine)

For WOMEN: No. 2

For CHILDREN: No. 1

restore the Vitality that Winter stole from you

The poor health of thousands of people is due to Iron-starvation, but they do not know it. That is why you must read our new booklet, "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength," which will be sent post free on receipt of this coupon. Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—The Vicious Circle of Iron-starvation—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better Than any Beauty Treatment—The Iron-starved Man—The Iron-starved Child—Hints on Diet—etc.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. J 97), Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON-STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength."

Name

Address

Post unsealed under 1d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters. J.B. 13/4/40.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee —

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked with the "John Bull" logo. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

CATARRH BANISHED FOR GOOD

Our Fume Diffuse Inhalant Solution acts in the most severe and stubborn cases. It is instantly absorbed and penetrates the catarrhal glands, and restores the inflamed membranes to normal.

SEND ONLY 6d. FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

Send only 6d. and prove for yourself the amazing power of this new Scientific Discovery. Already hundreds of cases treated successfully. Supplied in handy capsule form. Can be carried in the waist-coat pocket. Just squeeze into the nostrils. Invaluable for Members of H.M. Forces, Travellers, etc. Don't delay, send to-day. Associated Laboratories (Tissue Dept.), First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Facing Chancery Lane). The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

APPROVED BY DOCTORS EVERYWHERE

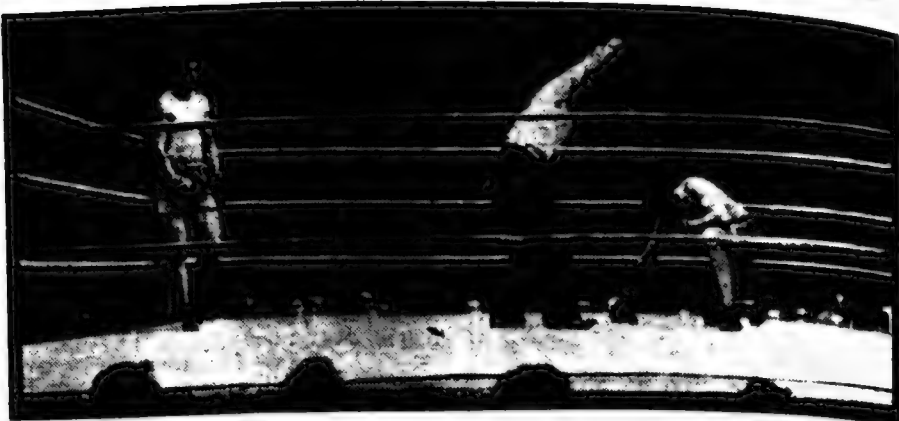
Polly put the Kettle ON and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, CLOISTER HERBAL TEA is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

Boxer who began on Flying Trapeze



A. W. HELLIVELL puts graceful young Stribling, the fighting young man on the flying trapeze, among the Giants of the Ring



CAUGHT in the bright beam of the spotlight, the boy's slim, spangle-clad body glowed like a flame. Far below he could hear the cheerful blare of the brass band, and the familiar smell of the sawdust ring gave him courage.

For a moment he stood, poised on a tiny platform where the Big Top was lost in deep shadow.

As the drums rolled he swooped down the long pencil of light while the audience followed his breath-taking dive with a long-drawn-out "A-ah..."

Surely he would crash to death.

But his fingers caught his father's strong wrists in the locking grip of the trapeze expert, and the two swung gently to and fro.

A few moments later the Striblings, father, mother and son, all in skin-tight suits of glittering spangles, stood in the ring taking their bow.

When most boys are still at school, young William Lawrence Stribling was already an old trouser. He had learned to tumble and somersault almost before he could walk, and for as long as he could remember he had lived in the colourful, exciting atmosphere of the circus.

It was a grand life for a boy, and young Bill would not have changed places with a prince.

To be able to follow in "Pa" Stribling's footsteps as a star of the flying trapeze was all he wanted.

But it is not as a circus trouser that the world remembers William Stribling.

He became the hard-hitting Georgia Peach, clean, game and lovable heavyweight fighter.

STRIBLING'S father was responsible for switching his career from the sawdust to the boxing ring.

Before Bill was out of his teens, the old man had decided that his dark-haired son had the makings of a champion.

Pa Stribling had watched all the title-holders from John L. Sullivan down to Dempsey and Tunney, and as his boy's tough acrobat's body filled out into husky strength he became more and more convinced.

He believed that the best preparation for a fighting career was to take Bill to see the cleverest "scrappers" of the day, and whenever Joe Gans, Bat Nelson, Owen Moran, Jim Driscoll and other top-notchers fought near the circus pitch, "Pa" and the youngster would be at the ringside.

Mystery Solution (See page 24)

RUMARA said he recognised Bennett because "as he climbed out of the window, the light shone full on his face!" Yet Connolly knew that the electric light would not be connected to a house "that had been empty for three years!"

Rumara was lying.

Since Basilhoff's story supported Rumara's, Basilhoff must have been lying.

Connolly proved that the two had enticed Sir John into the house to rob him of his dispatch-case.

They had tried to throw the blame on Bennett to work off an old grudge.

Bill would watch every lead and counter while the old man maintained a running commentary of advice.

"See that, Bill?"

"See how he rode that one?"

"Watch his left hand. . . . Now! There's the old one-two I told you to look for!"

And so the boy who was to fight as the Georgia Peach, a name he took from Macon, Georgia, where he was born, came to know the game before he laced on a glove.

When he did start fighting, the sporting newspapers from coast to coast carried the name of the Georgia Peach in their headlines.

HE blasted his way through all opposition.

He stepped up into big money when he fought a draw with Mike McTigue after the Irishman's win against Siki in Dublin. The majority of the experts gave the fight to the boy from the flying trapeze, and soon promoters all over the States were chasing him.

His manager and guide was "Pa" Stribling, and in handling his son's career he made only one mistake.

He left his world title fight too late.

The Georgia Peach was burned out by ten years of fighting when he met the swarthy, scowling Max Schmeling at Cleveland for the championship of the world.

The old Stribling could have done to the German heavyweight what Louis did to him at their second meeting. But he went into the ring with a punch that lacked snap.

The old fire had gone.

For seven rounds he had Schmeling worried.

Then he began to fade, and for the rest of the contest he was a chopping-block for the German champion.

THE splendid manner in which Bill Stribling went down to defeat that night is a tale that belongs to the epics of the ring. Only his magnificent spirit kept him going as Max slugged him round the ring, hitting when and how he chose.

He hadn't the strength to attempt to defend himself against the terrible blows rained on him, yet he lasted until a few minutes before the end, when the referee stepped between the two men to save a gallant loser from further punishment.

England saw the real Georgia Peach when he defeated Phil Scott, that most disappointing champion, inside two rounds.

Tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Phil never landed a real punch. He was down in the first minute from a smashing left to the body, and no sooner did he get to his feet than the American boy slammed him to the canvas.

Scott made a wild effort to fight back at the beginning of the second round, but Stribling hammered him flat again.

The Englishman rose for the third time, but the fight was as good as over.

The Georgia Peach's next punch settled it. Although many in the audience, angry at Scott's poor show, hurled abuse at him, he was not to blame. There was terrific power behind those short-arm punches.

He left no doubt about that when he toppled the Italian colossus, Primo

Carnera, off his feet with a smashing right-hook during their fight at the Albert Hall.

No one who saw the gigantic Man Mountain seeking revenge will ever forget the terrifying slugging that followed.

While trying to ward off the savage, snarling attack of the half-crazy Italian, Young Stribling swung the low punch that lost him the fight on a foul.

It was the only blot on a stainless record, and the dark-haired American was a sad man as he climbed disconsolately from the ring that night.

He died eight years ago, the victim of a road crash in which he was involved as he raced to see his wife in a maternity hospital.

He was terribly injured, but he went out like a real champion.

As friends waited round his bedside, the Georgia Peach beckoned to the doctor.

"Could I have a can of beer, doc?" he said slowly. "It gives a fellow strength to die."

He drained the glass and turned to his wife.

"I'm going, old girl," he whispered. And with a smile on his lips he died.

England saw the real Georgia Peach in action when he put Phil Scott, the British Champion, out of action within two rounds



"Every picture tells a Story".

BACKACHE

a symptom of Sluggish Kidneys

DO you wake up tired, nervy and depressed—back aching, limbs, muscles and joints stiff and sore? Is the urine disordered and bladder action painful?

These are the common symptoms of sluggish kidney action—troubles which suggest that tissue wastes and acids from your food are remaining in the blood instead of being filtered away by healthy kidneys.

Don't wait! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you fit again. This world-famed diuretic strengthens and invigorates the kidneys and overcomes chronic backache, urinary and bladder troubles, rheumatism, lumbago and renal dropsy.

1/3, 3/4, 5/8. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

Take 10 drops



when you feel exhausted

10 drops of Phosferine work wonders when you're feeling weak and tired. In fifteen minutes you feel the good effect of a dose of Phosferine—and each succeeding dose will give you strength to carry on. Phosferine puts back what you have taken out of yourself—energy and vitality. Start taking Phosferine to-day.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/4-oz. is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you need almost 24. From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/4-oz. & 24.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—
Depression
Headache
Indigestion
Brain Fog
—for—
Nervousness
Sleeplessness
Influenza
Rheumatism
—for—
Scurvy
Anemia
Debility
Hemorrhoids

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

HOW DO YOU LIVE TO BE 100?

ALL of us are interested in long life, and many are the recipes for it. A daily pint of beer — no beer — smoking — no smoking — hefty beefsteaks — no meat — every centenarian has a different tale to tell. There is, however, just one point on which all doctors agree — that no man or woman ever reached extreme old age without a healthy colon.

It is impossible to have a healthy colon if you are the victim of constipation. Waste matter stagnating in the intestines sets up toxic poisons, which seep into your bloodstream, and cause lingering ill-health. The cause of constipation is lack of moisture in your large bowel. Permanent relief comes only when that moisture can be induced to return naturally.

What Kruschen does

Kruschen contains six mineral salts, which are blended in exactly the right proportion, to bring back natural moisture to the large bowel. Healthy evacuation returns as a natural consequence. At the same time, Kruschen has a powerful diuretic action which flushes your kidneys and liver, and helps to rid your bloodstream of the poisons which previous constipation left behind.

Naturally, the amount of Kruschen required to clear up a stubborn case of constipation depends on the individual. But once normal health and spirits have been regained, the dose should be reduced to just enough to cover a six-pence, first thing every morning. Kruschen is not habit-forming, which means that you keep fit without increasing this tiny dose.

You can buy Kruschen from any chemist — for 1/9. Other sizes 6d. and 1/-.

Quick, easy, thorough way TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY



TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A SHORT SHORT STORY



Drifting Apart

THE silence of the office was broken by the telephone ringing. Tom picked it up. "Who is it?" he demanded curtly. "O-oh, grandpapa, what a great big bark you've got!" a laughing voice at the other end mocked him. Tom's tone changed to tenderness as he recognised his wife's voice. "Oh, it's you," he said. "And what can I sell you to-day? — any rags, bottles or bones?"

Peter, sitting the other side of the double desk, glanced up and a look of pain crossed his own dark, handsome face. "They are happy together," he thought.

Just then, Tom turned from the 'phone and said: "Say, Peter, Molly's got a fine idea — suggests we all go dancing to-night — you and Jenny and us. How about it?"

Peter looked confused for a moment. Then he said abruptly: "It's no use. Jenny won't feel like it. Thanks all the same." And flushing, he bent over his work again.

That evening Peter went home with a firm resolve in his heart. "I must try to be nice to Jenny — and more cheerful," he told himself.

Over their rather scrappy supper he talked brightly, and for a while Jenny herself tried to cheer up, but the effort soon seemed to be too much. Suddenly, as Peter was talking, Jenny yawned — one of those enormous yawns. Peter stopped. "Sorry, I've been boring you," he said.

Dismayed at his angry looks Jenny cried: "Oh, I wasn't bored. Just tired, that's all. I've had a heavy day."

"Tired, tired — you're always tired. I might as well talk to a block of wood." He strode from the room and, a moment later, Jenny heard the front door bang. Barely half an hour later there was a quick knock on that same door and a call: "Jenny! It's me — Molly."

Delighted to see her greatest friend, Jenny affectionately led her in. The remnants of supper were still on the table and Peter's chair still overturned. Molly's quick eyes took it all in.

"Peter's gone out," said Jenny. "So I notice," Molly commented drily and then, seeing the tears welling in her friend's eyes, she added gently: "What's the matter, Jenny?"

With the tears now flowing uncontrollably, Jenny told her story. "Peter's so inconsiderate," she sobbed. "I was dead tired to-night, and he stormed out furious just because I yawned." Molly asked simply, "Why were you so tired?" "Oh, anybody'd be tired," Jenny answered, "if they'd done the washing I did to-day. I had three copperloads to boil. It was gone tea-time before I finished."

Then Molly realised why Jenny was failing.

"There's no need now to boil clothes," she explained. "It's old-fashioned and quite unnecessary."

"Oh, but everyone knows you have to boil clothes to get them clean," protested Jenny. And she added, "It's no good me going in for easy methods that aren't thorough, because Peter would be even angrier if I let the house get shabby."

"The only way I can convince you is to show you. I'll come round next Monday and do your washing for you — my way," was Molly's answer.

The following Monday, Molly was around before Jenny had begun the washing. The kitchen was full of clothes sorted into bundles. "Now, first," said Molly, as she poured enough Rinso into the water to make rich suds, "we'll put the ordinarily dirty whites to soak for fifteen minutes." Without more ado, the clothes were popped in. "Now they don't need any attention," said Molly, "so we can do the woollens, now, in lukewarm Rinso suds."

With a worried look on her face Jenny watched. "Those clothes will never come clean without boiling," she groaned. But fifteen minutes later when she took them out, her voice was very different. "They're snowy!" she gasped.

"Not a mark anywhere!" "Yes," said Molly. "And now the extra dirty whites go into the same suds for twenty minutes, with a little dry Rinso smoothed on the very grubby patches."

As the second batch came out, Jenny examined each garment. "I can't believe my eyes," she said. "They're so white!" And no hard rubbing to do!

"I knew I'd have to show you to convince you," said Molly.

A little later, the whole washing finished, they sat down for a cup of tea. "It's like a dream to get my washing finished so early," said Jenny.

"And think of all the other advantages," Molly reminded her. She ticked them off on her fingers: "You've saved gas. There's been no steam to ruin your hair-set — no wash-day smell all through the house. Your hands aren't puffy. And above all you're fresh. In fact, let's have our night's dancing to-night."

As Peter whirled Jenny to a standstill at the end of a Quick-Step, he held her close after the music stopped.

"You're the loveliest girl in the room," he whispered. With starry eyes, Jenny looked at him. "I'll never be tired again," she said, and thought, "Thanks to Molly — and Rinso."

War on dingy Teeth



Sound White Teeth are half-the-battle

Your teeth play an important part in helping you to "win through!" Keep them sparkling white by using this new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' by its action in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth — especially smokers. Try the only toothpaste that contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they become a natural white — and stay white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' is the dentifrice to do it every time. Get a tube today. If you have a relative or friend in the "Services" include a tube in your next parcel.

6d., 10d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of a unique preparation of Magnesia.

PACKAGE FREE BAD NERVES CAUSE WEAK HEARTS.



If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Weakness such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and testimonials from people who have been cured.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222 W.A.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

OXIEN TABLETS



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco." (Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

£3 WEEKLY for LIFE AND £750 CASH

ONE WEEK ONLY to WIN
GIANT 2-in-1 FIRST for JOHN BULL'S X-WORD OR LUMP SUM OF **£1,350**

£150 INCREASED Cash between 15 RUNNERS-UP

£50 EXTRA between 1st RUNNERS-UP and 15th RUNNERS-UP

HERE is smiling Mr. F. H. Coates, 102, Repton Avenue, Oldham, our 45th Crossword Pensioner and the latest to secure a Life Income for working out an entertaining Puzzle.

But his prize—and all other prizes of 1940—are eclipsed in John Bull's MONSTER ONE-WEEK OFFER before you on this page.

Seize now this opportunity of a life-time to capture £750 cash at once and over £3,000 in Weekly £3 Pension Cheques during the next 20 years!



ACROSS CLUES.

1. Good material should be used if possible, when making one
2. One for ordinary pin-table machine will not be very large
3. In many offices this can simply be turned up as required
4. So let it be
5. Gift intended to please one's host may be this of mark
6. Most people get their milk in
7. Hunt for this sometimes gives people a real thrill
8. Everybody seen in stalls
9. Learning important one by heart may indeed be a feat of memory
10. Cokernut shy proprietors often have to buy some of these for replacements
11. May look pretty small when one's in the dock

DOWN CLUES.

1. Special chains may be required for
2. Output of this is important for Britain's industry
3. Father's method of punishing Sonny might be this
4. Half this is better than getting nothing at all
5. Sheep farmer will very likely have some on his place
6. A chair is one
7. Prisoners welcome them as a way of escaping beyond prison bars
8. Foreman shouldn't let workmen take too much when they're mixing cement and sand
9. Prospect of raising cash for war purposes may be this
10. When you press bell button on door it usually works this
11. Comradeship, courage and cheerfulness among the men are often a feature of
12. Consumed

106 OUTRIGHT WINS
—WHO'S NEXT?

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bulletin Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for £125 increased offer. Provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Apply at once by postcard to "John Bull" if you need extra squares for this week's Giant Offer.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, May 2. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 198, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

8 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 195

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 195, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square were the following eight competitors, who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious set of Answers seen in Square on right:

Mrs. L. BLEAKLEY, 1a, Balcarr Street West, Bedford.
Mr. REAY, Farley, Mr. Salisbury.
Miss J. HILL, Capers, Dumfries, Scotland.
Mrs. C. JACKSON, 21, West Drive, Cleveleys, Blackpool.
Mrs. E. SADLER, 100 View Street, Leighton Buzzard, Bedford.
C. SAUNDERS, Spilby, Lines.
W. SMALL, 4, Palace Avenue, Bolton.
V. SOAMES, 22, Flinsbury Park Road, London, N.4.

These competitors share the First Prize of £1,000 and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

The Award of £125 in Cash and Surrender Fowl to Runners-up has been divided between 15 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Fowl to combined value of £111 3s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" office, and all have been notified.

An extra Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up who submitted four or more squares for this contest. Every winner will also receive National Savings Bonds as announced.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS. 1. SPICE. 2. MAN. 3. PAGE. 4. RESTS. 11. PLAN or PLAY. 12. SWELL. 13. FEAT. 14. BARE. 15. MOUSE. 16. DARE. 17. HEN. DOWN. 2. PIE. 3. DEAL. 7. SLAP. 8. KINE. 9. TEA. 10. LAST. 12. LOST. 14. GIN. 15. LOSE. 16. STAR. 17. GAME. 18. POST or POSTY.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 198, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted, two squares allowed FREE with each six paid. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Oldham Press Ltd., and cross /& Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, April 20, 1940.

2.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square

alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so divided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 2. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Oldham Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 198.



YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE

If these squares and those published in the "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing TWO SQUARES FREE. Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.



Closing Postmark SATURDAY, APRIL 20.



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions, and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry fee. Stamps may be affixed if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

FOR 1 SQUARE
firmly stick
TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES
firmly stick
FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES
firmly stick
SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES
firmly stick
EIGHT 1½d. stamps
(Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bulletin" Coupon FREE)

REMEMBER ALSO TO
ADD YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS
TO THIS
"GAZETTE"
LABEL.

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

Leg Trouble for 16 years

A Confirmed Cripple

16 years of agony! 16 years of horrible discharging! 16 years of awful skin torture "miraculously" ended by Holloways Ointment! Every skin sufferer must read and take heart at this wonderful tribute. "I suffered with a bad leg for 16 years and tried everything for it. I was turned out of hospital incurable—a confirmed cripple. I was advised to try Holloways Ointment and the trouble was completely healed."

Here is another amazing letter:—

Skin Came Off in Large Patches

"My wife was very much afflicted with eczema about the body, and had four large holes in one leg. The skin came off in large patches every day, and the itching was terrible. No relief could be procured. I persuaded her to try Holloways Ointment. In less than a week she was enabled to put her feet to the ground, and before a month expired could wear her shoes and go about as if nothing had been the matter. All our friends consider it marvellous!"

Here is yet another tribute:—

Nasty Sores on Hands and Arm

"I had some very nasty sores on my hands and arm, after a few days the trouble began to spread. A friend, however, recommended me to try Holloways Ointment, which I did, and now I am pleased to tell you I am free of every sore spot and the trouble is healed."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—hoping it won't spread. Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that. Instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAYS Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Robust and reversible body built on adjustable back rest, deep front, folding handle. Leather-clad hood & apron. Interior lined with soft, cushioned bed. Mudguards to match body, 10in. wheels. In Black, Navy, Wedgewood Blue, Green, Maroon, Teal, or Grey. 60/- in the monthly. Catalogue Free. L. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD. NOW

There's a special announcement on page 29 that will interest all readers—

THIS also for every man and woman today must be to show a courageous, confident, well-sprung mental front. Courage and confidence in battle are essential attributes to human efficiency. Many of the greatest leaders in varying spheres testify to the value of Peimannism to attain this. The Peimann course is a tonic from the start and gives lasting power. A free book explains all about this. Write for your free copy to-day.

Special Offer to serving members in H.M. Forces.

During 1914-1918 the value of Peimannism as a training in personal efficiency was acknowledged by leaders in the military and naval forces. As a special offer, all serving members can receive the complete Peimann course at one half the usual fee. Application should be made for special enrolment form (Services). Approved by War Office.

FREE! Take the first step—fill in the coupon on page 29 for book entitled "The Science to Success," giving full details of the Peimann method.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BESTS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Price 19. 21. or 23/6. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Leather-covered adjust. Handle. Strong Indian Free Wheel Brakes. Middlemore's Service and Repairs. Road all day containing 1000 miles of riding. Price 45/- 60/- or 70/- with 1000 miles of riding. L. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

"Sign for Security" Series No. 8.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION



EVERY sense on the alert—eyes constantly scanning the heavens—never knowing the moment when he will be called upon to face dangers perhaps as perilous as those of any Front-Line fighter—the Air Raid Warden stands sentinel in the midst of the sleeping city. Slowly—monotonously—the night hours pass—but still he keeps his lonely vigil.

At last comes the cold, grey light of dawn—and suddenly—with nerve-racking insistence—the harsh shrilling of the telephone is heard inside his sandbag shelter—Enemy aircraft are engaged in battle just off the coast! Swiftly the warden dons his yellow gas-proof oilskins—gas mask at the alert—any moment now may come the message that will send him hurrying out into the streets to warn the neighbourhood of its peril! Half an hour passes—thirty long minutes of intense nervous strain—until at last the all-clear comes through and he is able to breathe freely again.

BRITAIN IS READY

Week in, week out—day after day, night after night—Britain's mighty Navy, Air Force, Anti-Aircraft Units, Observer Corps, A.R.P. Organisations, keep unceasing watch. The threat of sudden attack is ever present. Britain's Fighting Forces and Home Defence Services are ready. Are you? For the protection of yourself and your family it is your duty to secure "John Bull's" vital Wartime Security Gift without delay.

FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S FOR EVERY READER

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/4/1940.

Following are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.

£100 for either.

The following benefits also apply to both husband and wife:—

£100 for loss of two limbs.

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.

£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.

£50 for loss of one limb.

£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING up to £500.

Take "John Bull's" advice—make sure of this DOUBLE protection while there is yet time. Use the Forms below to-day. We need not be pessimistic. We need not go about expecting the worst. But forethought is better than afterthought in these days of uncertainty and tension. You owe it as a duty to yourself and your dependents to obtain this security immediately. Do it NOW. You cannot afford to delay. Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

POST THIS FORM TO "John Bull," Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/4/1940

WONDERFUL PEN OPPORTUNITY FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS—SEE PAGE 18.

Turn to page 18 where you will find full details of a magnificent Fountain Pen Offer which is now being made available to every Reader of "John Bull."

2 QUESTIONS For Every STOMACH SUFFERER!

What are YOUR Answers?

THERE can be no doubt that indigestion is a serious trouble. Not only does it cause severe pain, distress and danger, but it also ruins the health entirely. There are two important questions which all stomach sufferers, you included, should ask themselves to-day. The first is

"Am I prepared to go on suffering this pain and running this grave danger?"

There can be only one answer—"No"! Of course you are not prepared to go on suffering. You want relief and as quickly as possible.

The second question is—

"Am I going to take advantage of one of the greatest medical discoveries and end my suffering?"

Again there can be only one answer—"Yes!"

Take this advice now and commence to enjoy relief through the aid of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder at once. This wonderful remedy, which is daily relieving thousands, will act in a wonderful four-fold way. It will

- (1) Neutralise the pain-causing acid.
- (2) Put a protective coating over the stomach lining.
- (3) Sweeten the whole digestive tract.
- (4) Eliminate health-ruining poisons from your body.

So you see that there is absolutely no need to continue to fear your food and have your life made miserable by indigestion. Begin now to take MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and you will be on the right road to ending

FLATULENCE PAIN HEARTBURN ULCERATION SICKNESS DISCOMFORT ACIDITY FEAR OF FOOD

Read this report from a grateful sufferer and then accept the offer which is given below. Dear Sirs—"I entered hospital twice and was almost on the point of having an operation but the doctor decided to give me a diet which included your famous Stomach Powder. Within three weeks I was out of hospital quite well. With that result I can only thank you from the bottom of my heart." F. G., Jersey.

A GREAT OFFER

If you are really anxious to get the greatest possible relief you must make absolutely sure that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. This is sold only under the offer of "money back if not satisfied." If a 1/3 bottle does not bring you relief, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. But you must get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean
MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists
ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM IN POCKET TINS 6/9 & 1/3 IN BOTTLES 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

"Mother Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT HAS CURED MY BAD LEG It Will Cure Yours!"



Germolene is the great family healer. From a child's graze to an adult's serious leg trouble—every skin ailment responds to Germolene Skin Healing Magic. Here is a son who healed himself with Germolene and then passed the good news on to his mother. Two more Germolene skin healing triumphs!

Read his letter: "Some time ago I received a bad cut to my leg. I tried all kinds of Ointments but without result. I then tried Germolene, and after three days application I was amazed at the result. If it had not been for Germolene I should have been off work."

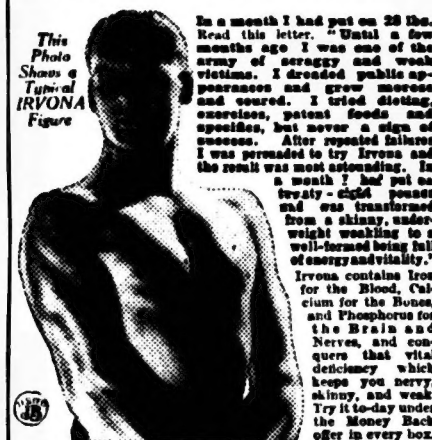
Germolene too, has cured my mother's leg after others had failed to do. If you have a skin trouble Germolene will heal it clean.

**The
QUICKEST
HEALER
FOR
ABSCESSES
SCALDS
WOUNDS
BOILS
STRAINS
CUTS
ECZEMA
CHILBLAINS
CHAPS
ULCERS
etc.**

**SOLD
EVERYWHERE**

6^p 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

HOW I PUT ON POUNDS



In a month I had put on 28 lbs. Read this letter. "Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and soured. I tried dieting, exercises, potent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

Irvona contains Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, and conquers that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skiny and weak. Try it to-day under the Money Back offer in every box.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 228), 4, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.1. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

MAN ZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

HEAR PERFECTLY

EAREX DEAFNESS DROPS

For Buzzing in the Ear, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Running Ears, Earache, Hardened Wax, Impaired and Hard of Hearing, Nerve Deafness. Send P.O. NOW. 2/- & 5/- per bottle post free. Money refunded if not satisfied.

AUREX CO. (3), Chemists, CLEVELAND, Lanes

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment



The Last Laugh

AUTHOR (Jersey).—"I am a quick worker. I got through the enclosed article in an hour and thought nothing of it." We got through it in half the time and thought the same.

L. P. (Whitby).—"What happens when the human body is immersed in very hot water?" Usually the telephone rings.

F. N. (Leiston).—"The first cuckoo may be late this year." We trust that when the feathered visitor does arrive it will thank you for your kind permission.

Mrs. K. (Okehampton).—"When my husband came home two hours late and told me that he had been run over, what do you think I said to him?" That it doesn't take two hours to get run over?

G. H. (Edmonton).—"I am teaching my boy to stand on his own feet." He should grow up into an ideal straphanger.

D. V. (Kirkton).—"As I had to send in a report to my firm, I asked the doctor for the medical name of what I was suffering from." Why, had he told you it was just plain laziness?

GOLFER (Stoke).—"My wife followed me round the course the other day, but when I did a hole in one she wasn't looking." So she asked you to do it again?

J. McC. (Dundee).—"The man thoroughly annoys me by everlastingly saying 'And how.' " "Say when" would suit you better, eh?

Miss E. T. (Brighton).—"I was out with the naval officer who lives next door and he told me he would marry me after the war." See letter below.

Miss M. T. (Brighton).—"When the naval officer who lives in the next house to us promised to marry me when peace came, I didn't tell my sister because I was so sorry about her being left on the shelf." See letter above.

S. F. (Brixham).—"I'm getting terribly absent-minded. The other day I kissed a woman by mistake." And it was your wife?

P. M. (Wansford).—"Doubtless the Germans are ploughing too." Yes, but not the ocean.

A. B. (Frome).—"English people keep too much to themselves." Not if the Chancellor of the Exchequer can help it.

R. N. (Rochford).—"If the war goes on much longer some brands of cigars may have to be made from cabbages." At present, of course, some brands merely taste as if they are.

P. E. (Dover).—"I went out to dinner at a neighbour's recently, and he proposed a little toast." We suppose you told him that you had hoped for a square meal?

T. M. (Exeter).—"A man who minds other people's business instead of his own is one to be avoided." And yet most night watchmen are quite decent sort of chaps.

C. K. (Shanklin).—"Because of the shortage of sugar, Germans are being urged to keep bees." Hitler has had several in his bonnet for some time.

C. S. (Beccles).—"Politeness costs nothing, though there is a strange lack of courtesy in these days." Not with us. We always offer a lady our seat when we're getting off a bus.

S. K. (Feltham).—"It's very queer that, if one remains silent in company, one is suspected of being ignorant." But, if one talks, in most cases all doubt on the point is removed.

H. N. (Hendon).—"Have you ever heard of a husband giving his best man a black eye for kissing the bride?" Yes. It occurred about three years after the wedding.

BETTY (Hornchurch).—"The customer left the shop looking very pleased with himself. What do you think he had asked to see?" You—after closing time?

MATHEMATICIAN (Oxford).—"Multiply the square-root of the number of revs. per minute of an aero engine by the speed of light in miles and what do you get?" Brain fag.



The Kid by Lees

J. P. (Preston).—"Germans love a zoo. We understand that in Germany now adays notices are placed on the cages requesting the inmates not to feed the visitors."

ALICE (Bacup).—"Is it legal anywhere in the world for a brother to marry his sister?" Yes, anywhere at all, so long as the brother is the parson officiating.

D. W. (Ashford).—"There is nothing more restful than to lie back in a barber's chair and be shaved." If you're deaf.

Miss L. (York).—"I wanted to marry the local butcher but my mother objected. So I asked the magistrate." And did he accept you?

DRAMATIST (Dublin).—"When the call came for the author, I stepped out, I can tell you." And a quickly, we guess they could not find which way you had gone.

CUSIST (Chelsea).—"I am digging up my lawn in order to grow vegetables this year." Do you hope to produce a square pea that will not roll off a knife?

E. Y. (Welwyn).—"Shortage of food will often bring a fugitive from justice within the reach of the law in the long run." So will shortage of breath.

N. M. (Chingford).—"If it is very wet what can a man do to prevent his trousers getting splashed with mud from the street?" Wear a kilt.

C. V. (Putney).—"It is very hard to have striven eagerly for something and then just when it is within your grasp to find it slip away again." We've often missed the last bus like that, too.

S. A. (Seaton).—"Just before the platform collapsed the speaker said that he was glad to see so many people in his audience who would be able to hear him out." And did they?

W. E. (Sheffield).—"I used to be a pretty successful entertainer, but somehow my comic turns aren't appreciated now I've joined the Army." One man going to when he shouts "Right!" isn't likely to amuse the sergeant-major.

O. S. (Weymouth).—"Would you like to know the recipe of a marvellous invigorating beverage I've just originated?" Spill it!

P. V. (Fulham).—"My girl says I remind her of the ocean. I expect she means wild and romantic." Or that you make her sick.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in any way. Trade except at the full retail price of 2d. And that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover or way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark "Side Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"... our PLATFORM captured a machine-gun, an officer, and a dozen men..."

THE STAR:—"... that the tower is haunted by a ghost who is supposed to walk about at midnight with his FLEET below the floor."

THE WELLS JOURNAL:—"Times was when we reared our chicks on the simplest of FLOODS."

CREWE CHRONICLE:—"Over 50 lb. of WALL had been bought and is being knitted."

WEST WALES OBSERVER:—"... In reply to the ruthless German 'SING-at-sight' policy."

GREENOCK TELEGRAPH:—"... a HAG had fallen from a lorry, and the coalman had tried to refill it."

GUERNSEY STAR:—"Seagulls have been particularly VERACIOUS, and in many local gardens a dozen or more have presented themselves for breakfast..."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"For some time past the Abkhazian Government in Soviet Russia have been experimenting with STRINGLESS bees..."

THE NORTHERN SCOT:—"Pools of water oving almost at the doorsteps and the water taps in the middle."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"A number of unexploded HELLS dropped by planes were found to-day."



"BULLETS" CASH increased again!

FIRST PRIZE FORTUNE FOR 2,3 or 4 SIMPLE WORDS!

£425



ONE WEEK ONLY
AND ALL THESE 2,243 PRIZES
MUST BE WON

THIS WAY TO YOUR £425—BE QUICK!

NOW comes another shower of cash for April "Bulletheers"—but this week the prize-money has been increased again. To-day a bumper all-cash First which has swollen to as much as £425 awaits the sender of the best *Bullet*—and that *Bullet* may well be one of yours!

Other fine cheques in plenty also must be won, ranging from £25 to £2 10s., whilst each of the 2,243 prizes in this big ONE-WEEK Offer a National Savings Bonus award will be added.

To make a "Bullet" simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Any of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,213th Result on this page could have been made up by you—use them as your guide to success. And, remembering that you have one week only to win, see that your entry is postmarked not later than Saturday, April 20.

N.B.—Don't miss the additional £20 Opportunity announced below your four-effort coupon on this page.

'BULLETS' 1,213 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200:

Mrs. W. S. FOWLER, 25, Farme

Cross, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

Example: BURDEN FOR ALL

Bullet: LEADEN, BUT LEAD ON!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

Mrs. E. PATE, 24, Kremlin Drive, Stonycroft,

Liverpool.

Example: The Best Life

Bullet: Giving Life Your Best.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

M. L. BIRD, 70, St. Albans Road, Southwich,

Staffs.

Example: Needs More

Bullet: Than "Blister," Victory's "Sail."

(Extra Foodstuffs Privilege with £300, £25 and £10 prizes.)

OTHER PRIZES:

45: Mrs. E. M. WILSON, 147, High Street,

Watford, Herts.

Example: Venerable—Haw-haw, Describing Our

"Pickles."

46: Mrs. M. LEE, "Bermar," Ridgeway, Grays,

Essex.

Example: The Day Passed And—Postman—The Night

Wouldn't.

47: Mrs. M. COLLINS, 17, Bannerman Road,

Bulwell, Nottingham.

Example: Jitters Were Taxed—One "Enemy" Helping

Country.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

1: BROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.

Example: Father Nature's Brightest Star, Some Films.

2: BURNS, 12, Parton Street, Liverpool.

Example: When Dad Returns—From Allotment, Empty

Larder!

3: E. CATCHPOLE, 4a, Boundary Road,

Walthamstow, London, E.

Example: Unhealthy For All Britain's Enemies, "Sea

Voyage."

4: ELLIS, 1, Prospect Road, Southborough,

Tunbridge Wells.

Example: Smokey's An Enemy, So—"Pip" May Mean

"Orange-blossom."

5: MACE, 10, St. Peter, Moreton-in-March, Glos.

Example: In Gosh's Garden—"Slip" Always "Grows

Quickly."

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

**THANKS TO HITLER
IF BRITAIN'S INVASED
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
IN AUNTIE'S CANTEN
ENOUGH FOR ME
DOWN CAME A BOMB AND
TIRED OF WAITING
CREATING
BEHIND THE SANDBAGS
TOOK HER BREATH AWAY
RELENTLESSLY
WASTED ENERGY
RETURNED
PEARL OF GREAT PRICE
MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING
FRIENDS
FRITZ BELIEVES
OUT OF ACTION
PETROL'S RATIONED, BUT
THE OLD COUNTRY**

Six "Examples" here
are for completion with
any ONE additional
word of your choice in
the position indicated
by dotted line.

SHOCK FOR
THE LAST
GRANNY'S
LAND OF
SPRING'S
SITUATION

T. D. MILLS, 27, Chapel Street, Newport, I.O.W.
Example: Mother Nature—"Bribed" With Perspiration's

"Beads."

L. SHELTON, 74, Wiverton Road, Nottingham.
Example: Mark Of The Beast—Or "Shambles," "Neutrals"

"Problem."

W. TERRIS, 45, Queen Street, Edinburgh.
Example: In Dad's Garden—Cats' "Bed"—Birds'

"Breakfast."

W. WARD, 36, Burstow Road, Wimbledon,
London, S.W.

Example: German Eagle—A Bird Abhorred Abroad.

Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 24, Henshaw Road, Kings-

wood, Bristol.

Example: Mother Nature—"Magician," But Needs

"Assistants."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of

Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

War Savings Bonus accompanies ALL the

prizes being despatched this week.

UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS

Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from John Bull in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 10 for 5s. P.O. No less than 20 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

You MUST complete this LABEL

to ensure receiving POST-
FREE copy of "Bullets"
Bulletin dated Sat., May 4.

NAME

Full Postal
ADDRESS
—Clear Block
Letters

30

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance
with Rules and enclose P.O.
entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each
two "Bullets" on this coupon.
P.O. value.....

No.....
Closing postmark
(1,217) SAT., APR. 20.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

STAMPS ENTRY-FEE

If preferred, stamps
may be used instead
of P.O., in which
case firmly affix
1½d. stamps in these
spaces at the rate
of 3d. for each
BULLET sub-
mitted.
N.B. — Crossword
entry, made in
accordance with
Rules on Page 36,
may be enclosed
with BULLETS:
double your prize-
winning opportunity
by also entering a
Crossword each
week.

FOR 1 "BULLET"
Stick 1½d. stamp to each
of these spaces.

FOR 2 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp
to each of these spaces.

FOR 3 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp
to each of these spaces.

FOR 4 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp
to each of these spaces.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Use Coupon below result for further entries—or plain paper, at same rate of entry-fee.

**£20
EXTRA**

CASH BONUSES BEST SETS OF 4 BULLETS

The 10 entrants for this Contest whose sets of FOUR "BULLETS"
on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive
ADDITIONAL £2 CASH.

Don't miss this fine new Opportunity!

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,217, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,217) I agree to enter in accordance with Rules, and enclose P.O. value.....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

FOR 1 "BULLET"
Stick 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.

FOR 2 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being originality and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Stamps must be stuck on Postal Order envelopes directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co., and name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of John Bull Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

"I Shall Never Forget That Morning —I GOT INSTANT RELIEF"

*It Was Just As If Someone Had
WIPE MY HEADACHE AWAY*

I HAVE BEEN GOING TO WRITE TO
YOU FOR VERY MANY YEARS TO TELL YOU
HOW I VALUE
YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic.

Northumberland, Feb. 21st, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I have been going to write to you for very many years to tell you how I value Yeast-Vite. I have been a sufferer since I was 15 years old from Biliousness. I had all sorts of remedies when I was a girl, anything to relieve the severe sickness and headache. It meant a whole day in bed, sometimes twice a week, and after I was married and had my young babies to look after, I was handicapped, as I was laid up for hours with the distressing sickness.

About 12 years ago I happened to read one of your adverts. in the local newspaper. I had a distressing headache, I knew what I was in for—another dreadful day! I sent one of my boys around to the chemist and got a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite. I took two in a glass of water and lay down on the settee. I shall never forget that morning. I got instant relief. It was just as if someone had "wiped my headache away." I took another two tablets 20 minutes after and another two tablets 20 minutes after again, six tablets in all, and I was able to continue my weekly wash after two hours. I felt a new person (I have recommended them to scores of people since).

I can now take long journeys to London or anywhere which I could not do before, and am not afraid of sickness as I always carry Yeast-Vite with me. I have just taken a course of Yeast-Vite this last severe weather. I never had a cold and I was thankful as I had to look after so many with Influenza in the home, and I was exposed to all the weather, as I had to do all my own shopping.

You can use these few words as you wish if it will be a benefit to other sufferers.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Mrs. A. B.

County Borough
Education Committee,
5th February, 1940.

"I have found Yeast-Vite to have a very good effect on my patients, and I find them especially valuable in the case of the many children I treat."

(Signed) School Dental Officer.

"I Gave Up Hope"

Leeds, Feb. 9th, 1940.
Dear Sirs, I feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate the value of your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I was a sufferer from indigestion for a long period, and after taking numerous different medicines with no satisfactory results I gave up hope of being cured.

Then I read of your Tablets and decided to give them a trial, and after taking part of the contents of a small bottle, my indigestion disappeared. I would never be without them and to all I hear say they suffer from that awful complaint, I always recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets as the wonder remedy.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) Miss D. E. H.

Read the
Letter
Below—

Sale,
February 14th, 1940.

Dear Sirs, About 12 months ago I wrote to you re Yeast-Vite having done me no good. You very kindly sent me my money back. I decided to try another bottle. I felt much better and thought that I had not given them a fair trial. I felt I must write to you thanking you, as I really have felt much better since I have taken them.

My husband has been under treatment for a long time with his nerves, so I have been giving them to him and he really has been much better.

We have a business of our own, and we have recommended the Tablets to numerous customers.

I am sure I could not do the hard work that I do if it was not for Yeast-Vite.

Thanking you, Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. E. M.

RAPID RESULTS

The secret of the immense success of Yeast-Vite is, of course, in the fact that it is an accurate scientific combination of PURE MEDICINAL YEAST (*Saccharomyces Cerevisiae*), especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

Yeast-Vite is the record QUICK Tonic—there is no waiting days or, in hundreds of thousands of cases, even hours for benefit. Often in a FEW MINUTES you can feel the change. Pain dies away!! Weakness is changed to strength!! Depression is defeated!! Listlessness disappears. Life becomes happy, joyous, worth living!! PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF!!

"THE GOODS"

Oxon, February 16th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

Being amidst aircraft all day and every day, the strain imposed upon the nerves is terrific. To counteract the effects of noise and nervous debility resulting therefrom I take Yeast-Vite Tablets, which are definitely "The Goods." With the help of these tablets I am able to carry out my duties with a cheerful outlook and in an efficient manner.

I might add that for my own part I would rather be without small luxuries than without Yeast-Vite.

If you use this letter kindly use nom-de-plume. "Flying Wife."

PRAISE FROM AGRICULTURAL ORGANIZER

Edinburgh, March 4th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I know you have received countless thousands of testimonials, but nevertheless I wish to say very shortly and simply how good a thing Yeast-Vite is.

I have a difficult and important position as an Agricultural Organizer, which takes me far afield, with many trips to sea. In recent years I have quite successfully withstood sea-sickness by taking some Yeast-Vite tablets before and during the voyage. In addition, I know that I could not have weathered recent difficult years without them to buck me up, and I look forward to the future with just that same confidence.

(Signed) Mr. W. D. B.

Our Offer!

This is unquestionably the most honest, straightforward and fair dealing offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it to-day. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. YEAST-VITE brand tablets are sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.